

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1887.

NUMBER 405.



YPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY EVE'G, OCT. 18.

Engagement positively limited to one performance. The Yankee Comedy.

HUMAN NATURE

Introducing the Celebrated Character, Comedian,

RICHARD O'CORMAN!

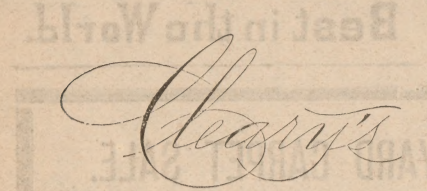
Aided and abetted by a Company of Remarkable Efficiency including the Grace Church Quartette, and several other musical actors in a mighty melange of merriment.

Splendid Singing, Charming Music, Dexteros Dancing, Stupendous Spectacular Scenery, Marvelous Mechanical Surprises, an Orchestra of Unrivalled Soloists, and the Continental Brass Band.

USUAL SCALE OF PRICES!

Reserved Seats at Dodge's Jewelry Store, without extra charge.

The Business World in Miniature at



BUSINESS COLLEGE!

YPSILANTI, MICH.

No theory or text-book work; everything is real, the same as in the outside world. Visitors cordially invited. Circulars on application.

P. R. CLEARY,

PRINCIPAL.

J. M. ORCUTT,

Livery, Feed, Sale

AND EXCHANGE STABLE.

Horses and Carriages Bought and Sold.

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Good Rigs at Lowest Rates!

Horses Boarded by the Day or Week.

Barn in Rear of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium.

J. M. ORCUTT, Proprietor.

GOODWIN & CRICH,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Boots and Shoes!

Fine Custom Work Solicited.

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Prices reasonable and good work guaranteed.

Shop on Huron St., opp. Fire Engine House.

GOODWIN & CRICH.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF

Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw,

held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the third day of October,

in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman,

Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of George Holden, deceased. John Holden and Sydney O. Rathfon, administrators of said estate, come into Court and represent that they are now prepared to render their final account as such administrators. Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the first day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing said account, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE YPSILANTIAN, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

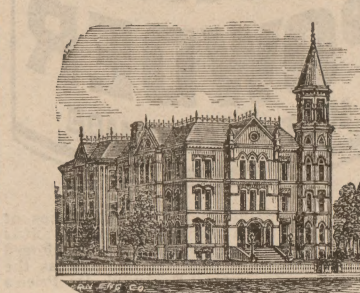
WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,

Judge of Probate.

Wm. G. Dorey, Probate Register.

169.

NORMAL



Lecture & Music Course

SEASON OF 1887-8.

The Committee having the Course in charge, beg leave to submit to citizens and students the following

ANNOUNCEMENT:

1. Ten regular entertainments have been provided to be given at the Opera House at intervals of about two weeks, beginning early in November. Specific dates for each will be announced soon.

In the selection of talent merit has been the first consideration, expense being secondary. We felt that former liberal patronage warranted us in making engagements at an advance of several hundred dollars over those of last season. As tastes differ, we have aimed to secure representatives in various lines, but all of such eminence and excellence as to entertain, edify, and instruct the entire audience.

2. Contracts have been made for the following:

LECTURES.

(1) Rev. Jahu DeWitt Miller, of Connecticut.

Subject—The Uses of Ugliness.

Mr. Miller is beyond question one of the brightest, easiest and most entertaining lecturers that the rostrum has to-day. Says a New York paper: "The lecturer held the closest attention of the audience for nearly two hours. It was fire, eloquence and thunder, with enough spice to make it a most entertaining lecture."

Says the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Daily Gazette: "For real genuine eloquence and power to sway a popular audience, he is the peer of Talmage or Beecher."

(2) Rev. George C. Lorimer, LL. D., Pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, Chicago.

Subject—Government, or Liberty and Law.

Mr. Lorimer has won national fame as an author and as an eloquent and brilliant orator, holding the highest rank among the public speakers of Boston, his career in Chicago has added to his reputation and power.

(3) Wallace Bruce, of New York.

Subject—Robert Burns.

Mr. Bruce is a master of the platform, and has won the highest commendations as a poet and orator throughout the entire States. For classic diction and beauty of thought, he is unsurpassed; and his eloquence and humor never fail to charm an audience. Such papers as the New York Tribune and Evening Post, the Springfield Republican, New Haven Journal, the Cincinnati Enquirer and Gazette, speak of his lectures in terms of unstinted praise.

(4) Hon. W. H. S. Aubrey, LL. D., of England, late Gladstone candidate for Parliament in London.

Subject—"Gladstone: his Characteristics, his Personality, and his Career."

Dr. Aubrey is the author of the "National and Domestic History of England," a work in three volumes published at \$20, of which over 25,000 copies have been sold. He is not only eminent in literature, but is a leader in the English Liberal party, and is celebrated as a ready, eloquent and convincing public speaker. The London Times says: "He is a complete master of his subject, and speaks with great power and as an accepted authority." Says the New York Independent: "No Lecture Course can afford to miss Dr. Aubrey."

(5) Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Massachusetts.

Subject—"Wendell Phillips and his Times."

Mrs. Livermore is so well and favorably known in this vicinity that no word of explanation is necessary.

(6) Frank Beard, whose name and genius are familiar to the American people by his cartoons in the Judge and Puck, and illustrations in Harper's, Scribner's and the Century magazines, will give one of his humorous and artistic entertainments.

Subject—"The Mission of Humor."

Mr. Beard is the original and only "Chalk Talk" artist, and his performances are inimitable.

(7) Col. Augustus Jacobson, the originator of the Chicago Manual Training School.

Subject—"Manual Training."

The Toledo Blade says of his lecture in that city: "Bright and brilliant from beginning to end, it delighted the citizens who attended." Says the Cleveland Plaindealer: "The address by Col. Jacobson was a thorough and exhaustive treatment of the subject; it was masterly in every respect, and intensely interesting."

CONCERTS.

(1) The Clara Louise Kellogg Concert and Opera Co.

The Company is composed of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, leading Prima Donna Soprano; Miss Carrie Morse, Contralto; Sig. Carlo Spigali, Tenor; William H. Lee, Baritone; Chas. E. Pratt, Musical Director; Charles H. Neilson, Stage Manager; Carl Strakosch, Manager.

The evening's program will consist of two parts:

I. A Grand Concert of Eight Numbers.

II. The entire Third Act of Gounod's Grand Opera "Faust" given in costume with appropriate stage setting.

(2) The Musin Grand Concert, by the following Solo Artists:

Mons. Orville Musin, styled by leading papers as "the world's greatest violinist"; assisted by

Miss Annie May Kessler, prima donna soprano; Mr. Alonzo Hatch, the distinguished lyric tenor; and Señor Carlos Sobrino, the great Spanish pianist.

(3) The Welsh Prize Singers, from the Cardiff Choir, Wales.

This troupe is composed of nine picked soloists from the most famous choir in England, every one of whom is a prize winner at the Crystal Palace, London. Their program consists of English and Welsh choruses, glees and songs, which are sung with an enthusiasm, fire and agility that is indescribable. The ladies appear in their quaint national costume, including the sugar loaf hat. The high ability of this troupe is certified by testimonials from well known critics, while the "press notices" from the leading cities of England are complimentary in the extreme.

3. The ten entertainments above specified constitute the "Course." Two additional entertainments of a high order, one literary and one musical, will, however, be given during the season as extras, to each of which season ticket-holders will be admitted for the nominal charge of fifteen cents, which will include a reserved seat.

4. Eight hundred season tickets will be for sale on the following plan:

Three hundred choice seats will be marked off for which coupon tickets, called "Citizens' Tickets," will be put on sale at the following scale of prices:

50 Tickets at \$4.00 each,

50 Tickets at \$3.50 each,

200 Tickets at \$3.00 each.

Five hundred coupon season tickets called "Students' Tickets," will be sold at the following rates:

200 Tickets at \$2.00 each,

300 Tickets at \$1.00 each.

These tickets will entitle the holders to the same seat for every entertainment of the regular Course.

5. The price of admission to single entertainments to those not holding season tickets, will be 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1, according to the character of the entertainment.

The sale of the 300 "Citizens'" Coupon Season Tickets will take place at the Opera House on Monday, October 24, beginning at 2 o'clock p. m.

The sale of "Students' Tickets" will take place at the Normal School, Thursday and Friday afternoons, October 20 and 21, beginning at 4 o'clock.

A. LODGMAN,

F. H. PEASE,

JULIA A. KING,

AUSTIN GEORGE,

Committee.

Rawsonville.

Walter Barlow of Detroit spent Sunday with his parents.

Will Marvin and Ben Gilbert are attending the Brighton fair this week.

A number of our young folks attended the dance at Cherry Hill last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Fifield have a sister visiting them from Northville.

At present there is no bridge at this place and the prospects are that we will not have one before December 1st.

The following is from the Belleville correspondence to the Courier and is about the sentiment of the people in this vicinity:

"The negligence of some one or more in not rushing the matter of completing the Rawsonville bridge according to contract, is being looked upon by the traveling public as a gross outrage. The time is already passed, and whoever is to blame should be made to pay dearly for every day that the road remains impassable. We presume that the officers having in charge the making of the contract inserted a forfeiture clause specifying a daily forfeiture to cover non-compliance with the conditions thereof, and if so, no excuse should be held against the inconvenience travelers are put to, and if not, the officers themselves should be held responsible. The matter seems to be hung up a good deal like the Dutchman's note, one man like the job, superintends it, extends the time to suit his own convenience, and then will accept it himself; verily a soft snafu."

[Mr. Chas. Fletcher, highway commissioner, received a communication from the bridge company who have contracted to build the bridge, inform him that they were loading the material at Massillon, Monday, and would commence putting it up by the last of this week. A failure on the part of the firm from whom the iron was purchased to fill the order as promised, is given by the contractors as the reasons for their delay.—Editor]

GIRL WANTED for general housework—apply to Mrs. T. W. MacLean, next door north of Episcopal church.

Ladies' and children's winter underwear, splendid for the money, just received at the Bazarette.

We can give you bargains in ladies' and children's shoes which cannot be beaten in the state.

THOM MCGREGOR & CO.

Heavy fall hose for 12½ cents at Comstock's.

New line of pretty handkerchiefs at the Bazarette.

Certain poles and fixtures complete for 40 cents. Curtains from \$1.00 per pair up, at Comstock's.

Mittens from 10 cents up at the Bazarette.

Oilcloth in fancy styles at Comstock & Co.'s.

Warm wool caps for boys, for only 15 cents, at the Bazarette.

Cashmere gloves for 15 cents at Comstock's.

New Ypsilanti bustles, corsets and dress stays at the Bazarette.

Silk trimmed underwear for 50 cents at Comstock's.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITH & POWERS, Publishers.

(GEO. C. SMITH, - PERRY F. POWERS.)

THE YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, south side of Congress street.

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Local Edition, four pages: Per year, \$1; six months, 50c; three months, 30c; one month, 15c. Single copies, 3c.

Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Died.

Madge Lorena, infant daughter of J. N. Wallace, died last Sunday, of whooping cough, aged six and a half months, and was buried on Tuesday.

The remains of Miss Maude Perrin, daughter of Rev. O. J. Perrin, former Methodist pastor here, were brought to this city from Mt. Clemens last Friday evening, and on Saturday morning, after a brief service at the house of W. B. Clark, were taken to Manchester for burial by the resting place of her mother. Her age was 18 years.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Nettie Dunn, of Chicago, national secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, delivered an interesting and inspiring address at the Congregational Church, last Sunday afternoon, before a good audience, largely made up of young ladies. This association is organized for the same work among young women that the Y. M. C. A. has done so well among the young men. About ten years ago, a half dozen girls met in a New England town to hold a prayer meeting. They were impelled to continue the meetings and make them permanent. Similar spontaneous efforts appeared in various parts of the country during the next few years, with no knowledge of each other. In 1853, the first organization was formed. In 1884 the Michigan state association came into existence, and last year the national organization. There are now 150 associations and 6000 members in the United States, and many in Great Britain.

The Ypsilanti association was formed last May, and has about twenty members, who hold weekly meetings on Sunday afternoons at the different churches—this month at the Methodist chapel.

St. Luke's Tribute to W. R. Post.

At a meeting of St. Luke's Vestry held Oct. 5, 1887, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

Whereas Almighty God in His wise Providence has taken out of this world the soul of our deceased brother, William R. Post, this meeting do hereby resolve, and we, the vestry, do therefore desire to express our sense of his loss and thankfulness for his example in a life of self-denial and business energy and when he passed away many were the mourners for his loss. He became a member of the Protestant Episcopal church in 1848 and was, with his whole family, fully and affectionately identified with its life and polity during his long remaining life. Previous to his step taken in coming among us he was a professor of the Christian faith in another community. He was foremost in every good word and work in St. Luke's parish and was a leader in its activities and councils as a vestryman for nearly 40 years. For almost the length of time he was Senior Warden. He was annually elected, almost since his first coming into the parish, to the vestry of the Episcopal church, and was a familiar figure at every session, and always a member of its important committees, side will be missed by his brethren at these annual meetings. His life was a thorough and prayerful one, and he was a thoughtful and earnest believer in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Up to the day of his death he took keen interest in religious questions and every parochial activity. He entered into rest at his son's home, June 3, 1887. Following the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his, may we be his prayer. May he rest in peace, may light perpetual shine upon him.

On motion it was further resolved that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of the deceased, to the city papers and to the "Living Church."

D. L. QUIRK, } For Vestry.

J. A. WATLING, }

International Military Encampment at Chicago, October 1st to 20th, 1887.

For the above Encampment the Michigan Central will sell excursion tickets to Chicago and return on the following dates at one fare for the round trip. Tuesday, Oct. 11th, Friday, Oct. 14th, and Tuesday, Oct. 18th. Tickets good for three days.

B. M. DAMON, Agent.

Pedigree Lost.

An envelope containing the pedigree of a horse, Talmaque, valuable only to me, the owner of the horse, was lost in Ypsilanti last week. The finder will confer a favor by leaving it at The Ypsilanti office.

CHARLES KOCH, Seio, Mich.

A Bracelet Lost.

A bracelet, gold with garnet set, was lost on the fair grounds last week. The finder will receive a reward by leaving it at the Ypsilanti office.

Lost.

On Thursday, of the Fair, a lady's pin—a carbuncle, surrounded with garnets. A proper reward will be paid for its recovery.

MRS. N. REDNER.

POCKET BOOK FOUND, containing money. Inquire of Jacob Emerick.

Mr. Hough is busily engaged in preparing for the reception of his jewelry stock, in the room two doors south of Rogers' bookstore on Huron street. He expects to open for business about Nov. 1st.

Elias S. Rouse of Ypsilanti has been granted an increase of pension.

Don't Pay the Drive-Well Fellows.

The executive committee of the State Grange met at Lansing, last week, to make arrangements for the entertainment of the National Grange which meets there November 16 for a ten-day session. At that meeting the committee adopted a resolution to defend to the last resort any drive-well case that may be begun in this state. All that is required to entitle any individual to the benefit of this action is to send one dollar to J. T. Cobb, Schoolcraft, Mich., who will promptly acknowledge receipt. People who prefer paying one dollar for the common defense against that steal, rather than to pay ten dollars to the adventurers, will of course send in the dollar and refuse the demands of the patent claimants. The fact that no suits are yet commenced indicates that they are not anxious to test their claims against a real defendant, and also indicates, probably, that they are meeting with some success in scaring the money out of timorous and uninformed persons.

The Ann Arbor Fair.

We visited the county fair at our neighboring city, Friday. The attendance in the forenoon was very slender, but in the afternoon a good crowd of people gathered to hear Governor Luce speak, and to witness the closing races. The weather, which had been very sour on the first two days, had relaxed into a smile on Thursday, and on Friday broke into a regular laugh.

The exhibition in the stock department was large and excellent; but in the halls it was very meager, which shows that while the farmers did their duty well, in spite of cold and rain, the people of Ann Arbor did not. They should be aware that they cannot long maintain a fair in that way. When the farmers bring their exhibits to a fair, and their families to see the displays, they are entitled to see the other departments as well filled as their own; and that is what they do find, at the district fair here. There were 103 head of cattle on the ground, at Ann Arbor, and 21 pens of hogs and 46 of sheep, and they embraced first-class stock. The recorded entries, at the county fair at Ann Arbor and at the district fair at Ypsilanti, were as follows:

	Ypsilanti.	Ann Arbor.
Horses	400	180
Cattle	125	116
Sheep	101	56
Hogs	60	40
Poultry	160	115
Fruit	166	91
Vegetables	103	103
Butter and cheese	62	165
Grains and seeds	91	91
Implement	41	...
Domestic manufactures	125	116
Sweetmeats	138	...
Flowers	103	...
Knives and cutlery	160	...
Needlework	238	97
Little girls' department	55	...
Miscellaneous	68	158
Total entries	2054	1021

The first day of our fair was very rainy, but the second day was more favorable here than there. The third was good at both places, but the fourth day here was rainy. Our aggregate attendance was greatly in excess of theirs.

Farmers' Congress.

The National Farmers' Congress, whose meeting in New York last year was so important, will meet this year at the Palmer House, Chicago, Nov. 10, 11 and 12. The railroads give one and one third rates for the round trip to all attendants, and ladies are invited to attend the sessions. The topics for discussion are:

The Labor Problem upon the Farm; Agriculture in New England; Protection to Farmers; Future Outlook of Agriculture; Agriculture in the Northwest; Agriculture in the South; Women in Silk Culture; Memorials and Resolutions to Congress and the Legislatures.

Each state has votes according to its representation in the electoral college, through delegates appointed by the Governor. Gov. Luce has appointed H. D. Platt and Andrew Campbell two of the delegates from Michigan.

BELOW are the values of imported agricultural products paying duty, for the year ending June 30, 1886:

Animals	\$2,818,431
Meats, cheese, etc.	2,087,794
Grains and grain products	9,585,840
Hay, hops, flax, etc.	1,940,889
Vegetables and seeds	3,962,623
Sugars	7,194,722
Tobacco	7,830,007
Fruits and wines	7,775,596
Wool and wools	17,738,959
Timber and timber products	545,114
Total	\$41,591,445

A great deal more is included in unmanufactured products. The duties average about 20 per cent. ad valorem, and produce nearly thirty millions of dollars revenue. If that were taken off, of course the imports would be vastly increased.

The President made a pretty good tariff speech in St. Paul. Reciting the magnificent progress of the city, he said, "All this has been accomplished under the impetus and encouragement of American institutions and laws." So it has; so it has, Mr. President.

The national assembly of the Knights of Labor at Minneapolis did a wise thing for strengthening the order in the popular esteem when it disapproved by a two-thirds vote a resolution of sympathy for the condemned anarchists.

If it be not wicked—and we think it isn't—we hope John L. Sullivan, of Boston, will be killed by the first English slugger who faces him in his present challenging trip.

New fancy veillings at the Bazarette.

If you have never tried those 9 cent linen collars at the Bazarette be sure and try them now.

Personal.

Mrs. L. A. Saunders left Tuesday for Omaha, to join her husband.

Mrs. E. B. Newhall is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Mr. T. L. Evans, Principal of the Williamson schools, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in this city.

Herman Schrader, the Michigan Central telegraph operator, is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Frank Showerman and Mrs. Abigail Rowen were summoned to Flat Rock, Monday, to attend the funeral of a relative.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bucklin left Monday for Jackson, where they will visit with their daughter, Mrs. Elliott. They will also visit their daughter, Mrs. Osborn, at Chicago, before returning home.

Prof. Lodeman will read a paper, "The Functions of Normal Schools," before the next meeting of the Schoolmasters Club, to be held

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1887.

A Jackson, Mo., dog was seen the other day catching bull-frogs.

In the bright lexicon of Wall street one of the largest words is "Fail"—Life.

"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "but you are a very bad shot."—Chicago Living Church.

The Journal's ideal reckless man is the one who does not take off his hat when speaking to a railway official.—Lincoln Journal.

It is a sweet, revengeful thought that when waiters sit down to eat they have to be waited on by some of the other waiters.—Washington Critic.

If Robert Garrett wants to repair his shattered fortunes let him take the place of one of his sleeping-car porters for a few runs.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Col. Higginson has written a paper on a new kind of bonds—the "New England Vagabonds." They are coupon bonds—cut off from society.—Burlington Free Press.

The average woman thinks a great deal more about the condition of her crinoline than she does about the condition of her soul; and the average man wouldn't like her half so well if she didn't.—Somerville Journal.

"In the Mexican church choir no woman is allowed to sing," says a correspondent. There are a great many church choirs in this country where women don't sing. But unfortunately they try.—New York Tribune.

The kind of a political party that this country needs most is one embracing a plank which prohibits candidates giving away cigars that cost less than five cents each, or three for a dime.—Duluth Paraphraser.

Drawing-room car: First porter (in a hurry)—"Another washout!" Second porter (excitedly)—"Where, where?" First porter (as he disappears through the next car)—"On the clothesline!"—Boston Herald.

"What does a diploma mean?" is the heading of an article in an exchange. It means that the boy has bled his father's pocketbook just about as long as the old man will stand it. Sometimes it means a good deal more.—Bismarck Tribune.

Young Mr. Waldo (to Miss Breezy)—"What a soft, beautiful complexion your friend Miss Wabash has, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy—Yes, and don't you think, Mr. Waldo, that it is even more so on one side than it is on the other?"—New York Sun.

The mind cure has already abolished all disease. Nobody has any disease; the trouble is simply they think they have. Another society is to be started to enable people to lift themselves up by the straps of their boots.—Hartford Courant.

Mrs. Minks—"Does your boy show any particular bent yet?" Mrs. Binks—"Yes, indeed. He'll be a noted scientist some day." "Do you really think so?" "Oh, there's no doubt of it at all. He always uses the biggest words he knows."—Omaha World.

Inspector Byrnes talks about protecting Wall street from professional criminals. What the community requires is a rigorous law to protect a confiding public from the legalized Wall street thieves. It is unjust to bound a bunko-man while they are at large.—Jewelry News.

Nothing is more discouraging to an average man than to read about the weighty proceedings and learned discourses of the doctors at Washington, and then reflect that all the physicians he ever met have failed to make his liver work rhythmically and smoothly.—Nebraska State Journal.

"What is your favorite flower, Mr. Hayseed?" asked Miss Lilybad. "The tuber rose, mamma, the tuber rose," said the good old man, for it was he shouldering his hoe and marching down to the potato patch. This might be considered a pun do terrible. Excuse my French.—Burdette.

A Parisian paper is authority for the statement that Prince Bismarck does not care to act as a mediator on the Bulgarian question. It is probable that Bismarck has been reading some where about the late war, and he fallen certain base ball umpires in this country.—New York World.

Here is the longest correct sentence of "that's" which we have yet seen: "I assert that that that that that that that that that person told me contained, implied, has been misunderstood." It is a string of nine "that's" which may be easily "parsed" by a bright pupil.—Journal of Education.

Miss Litewater (on the beach at Long Branch)—Ab. Mr. Kewpon, I love the sea, and next to that I love the free and boundless West. Do you take any interest in the West, Mr. Kewpon? Kewpon (just from Wall street)—Only the usual rate. Ten percent in Dakota and Montana, and 7 to 8 in the other Territories.—Harper's Bazar.

Catherine Owen has published a book called "Ten Dollars Enough." She may think so now; but by the time she gets all the jet trimming and stuff for the overskirt she will find that about \$10 more is necessary, not including the dressmaker's bill. Ten dollars is enough for the material, but trimming and making cost like sixty.—Norristown Herald.

Omaha hotel man—"You are a wonderfully lucky boniface, just think! You have kept a hotel at Saratoga for five seasons and never had a scandal yet." Saratoga hotel man—"No luck about it. It's good management." "Management?" "Yes, sir. I never allow my clerks to give a man his wife's letters or a woman her husband's letters."—Omaha World.

Not long ago a well-known artist sent to a lady whom he had met several times one of his best pictures, handsomely framed, as a souvenir gift. The next day he received a note from the lady, in which she thanked him for the picture, but begged to return the frame, as she made it a rule never to accept anything valuable as a gift from a gentleman.—New York Tribune.

"In making up a party for a traveling excursion," said Charles Dudley Warner to a friend who was "planning one," "always be sure to have it include at least one ignorant woman. She will ask all the questions you are ashamed to ask or think you don't need to ask, and you will secure the benefit of a vast deal of information you would otherwise lose."—The Epoch.

WHEN MY GRETCHEN SINGS.

When my Gretchen sings, I somehow forget
The day with its worry, and care, and fret;
That my cottage is poor, is poor and plain,
And brown with the beating of snow and rain;
That the carpets are thin and the curtains mean,
And the pictures are few and far between.
I forget all this when my Gretchen brings
The baby and rocks it and softly sings.
The little one close to her dear heart creeps
And it prattles, and laughs, and smiles, and sleeps.

Old are the tunes, and yet old are the words,
But both are sweet as the songs of the birds.
I wonder and ask as I walk the floor,
Why I am so rich and others so poor.

She guesses my thoughts and softly sings,
And the song in the room like a censor swings.
—[S. B. McManus.]

FAIR OPHELIA.

BY S. E.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"No, you shall not pass. I have not finished. Once more I ask you, will you release Miss Audley from her vow?"

"No; why should I, when she does not wish it?"

"This is your only answer?"

"Certainly. You might have known as much without asking!"

Ralph placed his hand heavily on Basil's shoulder, and drew him so close that he could almost feel the man's strong heart beating against him.

"It is your own fault—you have brought your doom upon yourself!" Basil scarce heard those whispered words, but he did feel the swift sharp pain in his heart, and reeled back with a low cry.

"What have you done?" he asked huskily, trying to overpower the dreadful faintness which made him nearly fall.

His groping hand caught at the rich velvet table-cover, and as he staggered, he dragged it with him.

The next instant there was a crash, and the room was suddenly plunged into darkness—a darkness only lightened by the pale rays of the moon.

No other sound was heard, except Ralph's heavy breathing, and a moan of pain wrung from Basil's parched lips.

"Good Heavens! He has killed me!" That hoarse cry made Ralph shiver, and glance round in some affright, his hand still clutching that swaying form.

As his eyes went toward the windows, his heart gave a terrible throb, and he could barely suppress the exclamation which rose to his lips.

Standing in the soft moonlight, half in, half out, the window, was a tall ghostly form, its white draperies falling to the ground; a mass of pale hair half screening the delicate face turned toward the room.

"Lily! you here?" Ralph gasped; and in his horror he loosened his hold of Basil, who fell with a dull thud to the floor.

Like a pale pure spirit, Lily glided across the room, straight to that recumbent form.

"What is it? Why is it so dark and strange? What is the matter with Basil?" she whispered, gazing at Ralph with wide searching eyes.

"He stretched out his hand, and tried to draw her away."

"My poor love!" he said pityingly; "this is no place for you. Come away!"

But Lily wrenched herself from his hold, and sank on her knees beside Basil.

The light was dim, but a silvery gleam slanted across Glandore's form, showing the ghastly rigid face and staring eyes.

As Lily bent closer, she saw what made her shrink shudderingly back—the red blood oozing from his breast.

"Basil, love, speak to me!" she cried in agonized tones. "What is it? Who has done this cowardly thing? Was it you?"

She turned so fiercely on Ralph, that had he not been prepared with an answer, he must assuredly have betrayed his crime.

As it was, he laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder, speaking to her in a low compassionate voice.

"My dear Lily! why should I have done it? I only arrived one moment before you, and found Basil standing near the table, one hand clutching the cloth. I started forward to catch him before he fell, but as I did so the lamp was dragged to the floor, leaving us in darkness; my hand had only touched him when he dropped."

Lily started erect, and pointed to the door.

"Go for help; whilst we are wasting time here he may be dying! Let the grounds be searched for the coward who struck him!"

In a few moments the terrified people had gathered in the room, and lights flashed over Basil's still form.

Lily knelt beside him, his head on her breast, whilst the crimson blood dyed her pure white dress; her eyes were fixed on his face with perfect despair, her hands tried in vain to feel the faint beatings of his heart.

The doctor's face was grave, as he looked at him—it was graver still when he rose, after a few minutes' examination.

"The blow struck home! Poor lad! he was too young to die like this!"

"Dead!" Lily said wildly, letting her face rest against that colder one. "No; it is not true!"

Hazel and Rita were in tears; Squire Glandore stood motionless, like one upon whom the greatest grief has fallen; it was little Gipsy who broke the horrible silence which followed Lily's last words.

"But who is the murderer? Who could have been so cruel? Basil was too good to have an enemy."

Her heart-broken voice fell clearly on her brother's ear, and he stood silently about the room.

As he moved, his foot struck against something hard, and stooping, he picked up the necklace Simon had given into Basil's hand.

"We have not far to seek," he said slowly; "jealousy has caused poor Basil's death—his murderer is Simon Leigh!"

"Impossible!" the Squire exclaimed incredulously. "Why, the man was perfectly devoted to my son!"

"He might have been once; but suspicion changes the best hearts. Simon was here to-night—came to reproach him, probably, about things he had heard in the village concerning his wife. If this is not sufficient proof, ask Miss Audley what were the words she heard from Basil as he fell."

"He said someone had killed him, but did not mention his name," Lily answered brokenly; "but I never will believe Simon did this. He had a worse enemy than Leigh."

As she spoke her eyes met Ralph's, and he saw in their depths an expression which made him shiver.

Could she expect him? Would she follow up that idea, and trace the crime to him?

Almost as that thought passed through his subtle brain a sneering smile crossed his lips.

"She had no positive proof; Simon will be found guilty, and suffer for my sin! I defy the world to come between me and vengeance!"

Silence had fallen over that grief-stricken group; all eyes rested on the jewel held so loosely in Squire Glandore's hand.

Clouds were fast gathering around Simon's happy home, for as all recognized Peggy's dainty wedding-gift, dark suspicions entered each mind against her young husband.

Only Lily refused to believe, but how could she define the strange instinct which made her think the hand that fixed the guilt on another had done the deed.

CHAPTER III.

And my soul is sorely shaken,
Lost an evil step be taken,
Lost the dead who is forsaken,
May not be happy now.

Everything was against Simon Leigh. Of what use was it for him to swear he had left young Glandore alive and unharmed after his interview? It was well known through the village that scandalous tongues had been very busy with Peggy's name, and had hinted at something more than mere gratitude in Basil's attention to his poor wife.

What more natural than that Simon should be jealous, and in a fit of madness cruelly stab one whom he looked at as a rival?

Almost tremulously the wretched man acknowledged having been with Basil that night expressly to return the pretty trinket. Several of the servants had seen him enter—one saw him leave.

Ralph's evidence, quietly given, told greatly against him. He had found Basil alone in the morning-room, the window wide open, and heard his last words:

"Good Heavens! He has killed me!" Lily was the next witness, and try as she would, she could not avert the dark fate that threatened Simon now.

Her faltering words, though few, effectively sealed the man's doom.

A bitter cry rang through the court when the sentence was given—a cry full of horror and despair, and poor Peggy was borne senseless away.

"I thought there was no hope for him, yet I cannot believe him guilty!" Gipsy murmured despondently when her brother told her the verdict.

"It is a hard sentence—lifelong imprisonment; better death at once!"

"Nonsense!" Ralph said sharply, turning a pair of angry eyes full upon her. "The man deserved all he got; hanging was much too good for him!"

"You are cruel!" Gipsy whispered tremulously. "Even I did not wish Simon to be punished."

"Yet you loved Basil, or thought you did," Ralph answered mockingly. Gipsy's pallid cheeks grew warm and tears trembled on her dark lashes.

"I loved him better than my own life, and would gladly have died to save him. If I could only find out the real murderer there would be little mercy for him. I would kill him with my own hands, small as I am."

Ralph paused in his walk, and grasped her fiercely by the shoulders. For one long moment he peered into her resolute little face, noting the firm lips and undaunted eyes. With a harsh laugh he afterwards released her.

"I think you would! Let us hope the true assassin—if Simon is innocent—will never cross your path."

"Who knows? He may some day, and then poor Basil will be amply avenged!"

Ralph did not answer, but hastened away. His sister's strange words hardly pleased him; they made him feel almost uncomfortable.

"I must be careful; a detective in the house would scarce be pleasant. I wonder what has put the idea of Simon's innocence into her head? Poor Simon! I pity him; he is indeed a martyr!"

Again he laughed, and that discordant sound reaching Gipsy's ears made her shiver in spite of herself. Her passionate little heart could feel no greater anguish at Basil's death than it had felt before, when he had bound himself to another. Bitter revengeful thoughts mingled now with the old keen despair.

It was Lily who sought Peggy's desolate cottage, striving to give some comfort to the heart-broken woman.

How vividly she remembered that glad day, not so many months ago, when they had watched the merry bridal-party leave the church!

How changed the world seemed now for both stricken hearts—one mourning a lover's death, the other a husband's lifelong imprisonment!

"He did not do it, miss—you know he didn't!" Peggy moaned, never once lifting her head from the pillows it had pressed all those weary hours.

Lily stroked the soft brown hair with tender fingers, but tears welling into her own eyes when she saw Peggy's tearless anguish.

"My poor girl, I wish I could help you!" she whispered, bravely trying to conquer her sorrow. "I will never believe in Simon's guilt—he loved Mr. Basil to well!"

"To think it was I who sent him with that locket! People had been saying unkind things of me, so I thought it best to send back Master Basil's costly gift. It was indeed a fatal thought, and I have never ceased to regret it! Simon came home so happy, too, telling me how kindly the young master had spoken to him—not in the least offended."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PECULIAR AFFLICTION.

Railway Employees Subject to a Disease Known as Railway Brain.

At a recent meeting of the Physicians of the Charity Hospital in Berlin, Thomsen exhibited a patient whose case he described as one of "railway brain," a nervous condition resembling in many respects the condition already known under the name of "railway spine." A healthy railway employee, aged 30, with no history of alcoholism, or of any predisposing neurotic condition, by the sudden motion of his train was thrown violently against the side of a car, striking his head.

He sustained no wound, and at the time of injury consciousness was preserved. Some hours afterward, however, he was suddenly seized with syncope, with mental terror, lost all sense of location, could not recognize the simplest familiar object, and described what he saw erroneously. His one objective symptom was absolute anesthesia of the entire body. On the fourth day of his injury he had violent headaches, a pulse rate of 44, and, in addition to the cutaneous anesthesia, loss of olfactory and taste sensations, with difficult hearing. On the fifth day the psychic symptoms suddenly ceased, he could remember nothing which had happened, and had no explanation for his condition.

The patient subsequently became very melancholic, complaining of insomnia, headache, spinal pain, weariness, and failure of appetite; no sensations of terror or disordered dreams were present. The objective symptoms remaining were well marked cranial and spinal hyperesthesia; failure to distinguish between white and colors; loss of smell and taste, and impaired hearing; numbness, and at times paresthesia and spasms of the region supplied by the facial nerve were also present. He was discharged from the hospital as improved, but two months afterward his condition was unchanged; he was unable to work on account of headache and weakness. Thomsen's diagnosis was "railway brain," a condition of profound disturbance of cerebral functions from shock.

The increase in mechanical appliances, and the immense extension of railways, afford abundant opportunities for observation of nervous shock, both in its fatal and milder forms. While postmortem demonstrations of hemorrhage and structural lesions, explains the course of these cases when fatal, it is evident that we must rely upon the continued observation of surviving patients to determine the development of lesions which will illustrate the pathology of this condition. The possibility of the production of degenerative changes in nervous matter, and cerebral conditions causing permanent mental impairment, is an interesting question for neurologists, and, in its medico-legal aspects, for the corporations whose property may cause such injuries to their patrons and employees.

One Dollar for the "Know How."

"Will you please save this ring off my finger?"

It was an old woman who made this request of a Broadway jeweler, and as the worker in gold and silver took the wrinkled, though fat and shapely, hand in his it trembled violently, and a tear dropped upon the counter.

"Excuse me," continued the old lady, "but it is my wedding ring. I have never had it off since I was married—forty-five years ago. I have refrained from having it cut, hoping that my finger might get thinner and that I could take it off without breaking it."

"And what if I can remove it without cutting?" inquired the jeweler.

"But can you?" said she, looking up in a half credulous way. "If you can, do it by all means."

Then the jeweler took the swollen finger and wound it round from the top downwards in a length of flat rubber band. The elastic cord exerted its force upon the tissues of the fingers, and gradually, until the flesh seemed to be pushed down to the bone. The old woman's hand was then held above her head for a brief interval. Then the bandage was quickly uncoiled and removed about the member. This was repeated three times, and finally it was found upon uncovering the finger that it was small enough to admit one of the rings being removed with ease.

"I have never failed but once," said the jeweler, "and I have removed many rings from fingers even more swollen than yours. Do I charge for it? Oh, yes. I ask the same amount that I would get if the ring were left to be mended after being cut."

One dollar, Thank you!" and as he turned to his bench and the old woman left the store he added, "But after all she might have done the same thing herself. It's not the work, however, I charge for; it's the 'know how'!"—Chicago Express.

Making Cream Churn Easily.

A lady friend, an experienced and successful butter maker, thus explains how she makes the butter come quickly, as cold weather approaches. She keeps the cream crock in the cellar as cool as possible, and as the natural result is too cool for good butter making, if the cream is directly heated over the fire it is apt to make soft butter, as every housewife knows. What she does is to take a quart or a little more of sweet milk, heat it quickly over the fire and then mix it with the cream already in the churn, adding enough to bring it up to the right temperature. The butter comes quickly by this method, and is not made so soft late in the season. It is not a plan so well adapted to butter making in hot weather, for then the cream, unless kept on ice, usually needs no warm up. Some use hot water instead of milk, but the advantages of the latter is that the warm, sweet milk imparts a better flavor to the butter and greatly improves the buttermilk, besides, of course, making up more of it.

There is probably only a very small increase of butter that comes directly from the heated sweet milk. Possibly this furnishes no butter; but it does separate the butter particles more perfectly from the cream than is possible otherwise. The yield of cream and butter from milk should under most circumstances naturally increase in proportion to the milk as the amount of butter is lessened. A farrow cow five or six months after calving gives less but richer milk than she does at first. But what avails this to the butter maker, if he or she cannot separate the butter from the cream in which it is enclosed. Adding warm sweet milk seems to entirely remove this difficulty, and has many other incidental advantages.—American Cultivator.

The Rise of the Nile.

When the time approaches for the inundation the Arab farmer is all expectancy, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine, describing the overflow of the Nile. His canals are cleared and he protects his home by dikes and walls of adobe. This done, seated at his door, he watches with satisfaction and gratitude the rise and approach of the water which holds his little wealth. It is several months rising to its greatest height and then as slowly and gradually subsides. Then appears again to his delighted vision the husbandman's farm. His palm-trees seem to rise to a greater reach and their waving branches add to the sense of calm and content which pervades all. Already his well-filled canals have defined themselves and his irrigating machinery is at once put in repair. There is no more use for the boats which have served to carry him from place to place during the inundation. They are hidden among the rushes on the banks of the canal. Every available person is now pressed into the service. If the thin deposit of mud left by the departing river is kept moist its value remains at par. If the hot sun is allowed to play upon it unopposed, it soon becomes baked and curls up into tiny cylinders, then, breaking into fragments, it falls dead and worse than useless. Therefore the process of irrigation must begin at once. The rude sakiyeh and the ruder shadoof are kept going night and day and give employment to tens of thousands of people and cattle as well. With these primitive appliances the water is lifted and emptied into the channels which have been dug or diked to receive it. From these larger receptacles the water is led to smaller ones, which, overflowing, cover the fields.

In a little time then a Nile farm becomes a rare beauty-spot instead of a waste of mud, for now the crops are grown. The lentils bend with their heavy load and the fields of grain turn their well-filled heads from side to side that the ripening sun may change their green freshness into gold. What landscape unadorned by art can be more lovely than such a farm; narrow though its limits may be, with its grove of palms to fan the breeze and scatter their sweet fragrance into the lap of the happy fellah! Here no weeds grow to annoy him. No stone crops are belched to the surface each year to stop the plow. And this is good, for the Egyptian plow has no scientifically curved coulter or subsoil attachment.

The Hibernian maid had been to the postoffice. She was new to the family and the place, and, as people do when the locality is strange, she noticed all sorts of little things she could see at home, but had never thought of before. She walked into the room with a letter in her hand.

"Here's a letter for you, madam." The mistress took it and looked at it. "It looks like a bill," she said.

"Arrah, no, madam. It can't be a bill. Sure they don't send bills through the postoffice."

"What makes you think that?" "Well, madam, down at the post-office I see a sign, an' it's got printed on it: 'Post no bills.'"

—San Francisco Chronicle.

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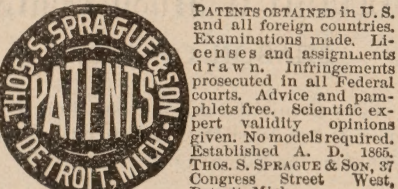
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MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State

—Ex-Congressman Horr is visiting at Washington, D. C.

—Some wild animal, supposed to be a wolf, is killing sheep near Alpena.

—A district telegraph and supply system will be established at Saginaw City.

—There are only ten persons in the Saginaw county jail, seven of whom are awaiting trial.

—Chas. Kane stole two revolvers at Marine City and blew his thumb off with one of them.

—A. L. Holmes, of Grand Rapids, gets the contract for building East Tawas \$48,000 water works.

—Bishop Gillespie, President of the Board of Charities, says the Manistee jail is splendidly managed.

—Joseph Gilette has returned to his home in Mt. Clemens after twenty-one years' service in the British army.

—Chester Hilton, aged 22, was instantly killed while making a coupling on a Chicago and West Michigan train.

—The Baptist Convention of the State of Michigan holds its 52d annual convention at Kalamazoo, this year, beginning Oct. 18.

—Capt. T. H. Botham, who crossed the Atlantic in 1836 and four times subsequently, left Benton Harbor Tuesday for another passage.

—A. Sorg's baby fell into a cistern at Greenville and was saved by its mother, who sprang in after it and nearly drowned in making the rescue.

—Timothy O'Brien, young Bay City tough, shot at Patrolman Langdon while under arrest and is locked up for murderous assault. Langdon was not hurt.

—The loss of his wife and child and the deterioration of business have sent Charles Dawson, of Grand Rapids, into confinement, a raving, hopeless dangerous maniac.

—Members of the United Labor party of Detroit are elated because their request to have one of the election inspectors in each precinct selected from their ranks has been granted.

—Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw railway company has brought suit against C. E. Kelsey & Co., Cheboygan county, for timber alleged to have been stolen from railroad lands. Damages \$20,000.

—A fire occurred in the changing-house of the Calumet & Hecla Mine at Pern. Patrick Walsh was burned to death. A flame was blowing at the time and the flames were extinguished with great difficulty.

—The reunion of the 20th Michigan infantry will be held at Charlotte, Oct. 12, and the program embraces a banquet offered by the ladies of the relief corps, short speeches by every one that feels that way, and the usual social features.

—Charles Pierce, a farmer near Portland, was knocked down and trampled by one of his horses, Monday, his injuries being so bad that it will be a long time before he recovers. Several of his ribs and one of his legs were broken, and he was otherwise cut and bruised.

—Levi M. Brott, a Michigan state prison convict, feigned paralysis and that he was deaf and blind, until Dr. Williams remarked in his presence that he would cut his skull open to learn the nature of his malady. Quick recovery followed. He wanted a pardon.

—Dr. J. C. Harrison, the medical lecturer, who has been delivering his yankee notions to large audiences in the principal cities during a trip of six years around the globe, has just returned to his old home at Adrian for a fortnight's visit with former friends. He resumes the platform at Boston about the 15th prox.

—Richard Reed, of Bedford township, was recently bitten by a horse supposed to be rabid. The horse has been killed, and experiments are afoot after Pasteur's method to determine whether or not the horse was rabid. If it is found that the horse was rabid, Mr. Reed will go to Paris at once to be treated by Pasteur.

—The news that gas has been discovered at St. Ignace gives great confidence throughout the upper peninsula in State Geologist C. E. Wright's theories, and Newberry, McMillan and other points that are in Wright's gas belt will at once begin to bore. The gas fever of last spring in the south has come out in all its original heat in the north.

—Dispatches from St. Louis bring news of the death there of Henry P. Phelps, of Hartford, while attending the reunion. He was a leading merchant and citizen of that village. The first reports indicated his murder, but later advices show he was killed on the cars. His death caused great excitement in Hartford. He leaves a widow in good circumstances.

—The sand plains that lie back of East Tawas, Au Sable and Harrisville have been heretofore looked upon as not much good, but there is even now a chance that the question of their value being solved. It is found that they will grow abundant crops of sunflowers, and the oil of the sunflower seed is easily extracted and an excellent lubricator, the seeds afterward make good food for cattle and hogs and the thick wood stalks are the best of fuel.

—An East Tawas man recently interviewed a clairvoyant, who told him where to bore for gas and be sure to find it. She described his farm exactly, told him to take not more than five people, and to stop boring as soon as gas was struck, as below it was an immense field of salt. She also told him where to find an abundance of iron on his farm. Although he did not tell the woman his name nor his place of residence, he has found samples of soil that bear 87 per cent. of iron, and is wondering what five people he would better let into his gas snaf.

—The Detroit liquor men have combined and have hired an attorney to contest the enforcement of the new State liquor law. They claim that the new law is in direct conflict with the

constitution of the United States in that it aims a blow at personal liberty by authorizing "officers to enter saloons, arrest proprietors and attendants without warrant, and take possession of saloon property." The local dealers are making no move in the matter, but will probably await the result in Detroit. It is extremely doubtful that the law can be overthrown. A similar law has been upheld by court decisions in Pennsylvania.

—Annette Halliday, 21 years old, a cousin of Sidney Lusk, the author, lives with her parents at number 34 Duane street, Detroit. She is a talented young woman and has a novel in press. Two months ago she was bitten on the hand by a pet cat. The wound was a mere scratch, but it gave her a constant stinging pain. A physician gave her a lotion for it, but the hand swelled and starting and excruciating pains began to rack Miss Halliday. The agony was so terrible that she gave utterance to the most heartrending screams and at the height of her paroxysms her cries resembled the howls and screeches of a cat. The animal was supposed to have had the rabies, but the physicians assured the family that this idea was wrong. Several doctors were called to the case and for a time death was expected by the family and would have been welcomed by the sufferer. Then insanity was feared, but the crisis passed and Miss Halliday is on the mend. Her case is pronounced by the medical men to be remarkable.

"Old Abe."

The "Old Abe," the whilom war eagle of the 8th regiment, Wisconsin volunteers, is one of the attractions at the collection of war relics now on exhibition at the Exhibition building. He is only stuffed and doesn't look as big as when he accompanied the eagle regiment on southern battle fields. A wooden tablet attached to his perch bears this inscription: "Hatched February, 1861; died March 26, 1881."

E. H. Webster, of Greenbush, Sheboygan county, lieutenant of company B, of the 8th regiment, gave a Milwaukee Sentinel reporter some information about the old bird. "When our company came into camp at Madison we were told by the men of company C, who brought the eagle with them from Eau Claire, that he was taken from his nest by an Indian and presented to them by him. I have read a more romantic tale of his capture since then, but this story is undoubtedly correct, as nobody then thought of inventing the pleasant fictions about the famous eagle which have since become so numerous. Our regiment broke camp at Camp Randall, in compliance with an order to go to Missouri, and while marching through St. Louis the eagle broke his string and flew away. We all thought that that was the last we would see of him, and Col. Murphy offered to give \$25 to anyone who would bring him back. You know Murphy, don't you? He left our regiment and was put in charge of a brigade, and surrendered to the Rebels at the battle of Holly Springs. But I am digressing."

"While in Camp Curtis at St. Louis one of the boys pointed out into the air at a large bird which was approaching us, and said 'bet that it was 'Old Abe.' We fixed a perch on a camp chest, and very soon the eagle sailed down and took his place on the perch. We put him on a string again and sometimes let him go, as he was always sure of returning. Occasionally we let him loose during an engagement, and then he would fly about overhead or sit quietly on his perch. I believe the confederates brought down some of his feathers once, and after that he always screamed and acted mad when a fight was going on. Gen. Price, of the confederates, once said he would rather capture the eagle than the whole regiment."

"Old Abe" was a nuisance in some respects. He was a thieving bird, and when the rations were distributed had to be watched or he would steal the best morsels away. He liked beef and all kinds of meat, when there was scarcely any for the boys. He was up to all sorts of mischief, and wounded some of the boys who were spared by rebel bullets. They would plague him and he would peg at them, frequently drawing the blood."

After the regiment returned from the war "Old Abe" was cared for at Madison until his death, which ensued from natural causes.

A New Tale for the Nursery.

Every one is familiar with the story of the mother whose child had been carried off by an eagle, and who, to rescue her child, climbed alone to the eyrie from which the bold mountaineer snatched the child. This stock illustration of the force of the maternal instinct is now capped by a bear story from Savoy. A bear having killed a shepherd boy, the villagers organized a hunt for the animal. The mother, armed with a gun, insisted upon accompanying the party. They came back. She did not. Next day the poor woman was found lying in a secluded spot, her dress in rags, her arms crushed, and her face covered with blood. At her side was a huge bear, quite dead, its head smashed by a discharge of the gun which she had taken with her. The hope is entertained that she may eventually recover, but the woman has not yet been able to give an account of her struggle with the bear which had killed her child, which must have been terrible. When we get the story of that struggle it will make the grand tour of all the Sunday-school books in the whole English-speaking world.

Odd Accident to a Locomotive.

The Cologne-Berlin (Germany) mail train had a narrow escape a short time ago. Running at full speed past Bahrntz, the engineer saw a signal to stop the train. It being impossible to do that, quick enough, the train ran into a herd of horses that had been frightened by the noise of another train, which passed a short time before. Several horses were hit by the locomotive, thrown far away, and killed. One horse was drawn under the locomotive and was wedged in under the ash pan, so that the locomotive was stopped and could not move either forward or backward. Had the train been running at full speed the body of the horse would probably have thrown the locomotive off the track, causing a great disaster. As it was, it merely threw the train an hour behind time.

THE LAND OF SHE.

A Romantic Trip to the Mountains' Gate Montana.

Comparatively few of Helena's population, says the Helena Independent, are aware of the existence of the great scenic resort distant from this city about eighteen miles in a northerly direction, and know as Hilger's ranch or the Mountains' Gate. Much has been spoken of the locality by the few who have been favored with a visit to the attractive spot, and at times their reports have been looked upon merely as exaggerations, many not being inclined to believe in the grandeur and sublimity of the view as pictured. A personal visit to the premises, however, will dispel all doubts instead a scene of awe and wonder greets the eye which almost baffles description. All is true that has been depicted of it, and one visit is but an appetizer for future trips.

A good wagon road, romantic in appearance, leads there, permitting the voyager to be in about three hours. Emerging from a canyon, the mighty Missouri and the humble though delightful country home of Mr. Hilger, pleasantly situated on the east bank of the great stream, and a broad expanse of grassy fields and heavily timbered slopes spread before the eye of the tourist, forming a panorama grand in the extreme. An hour's halt at the cozy farm-house, where one is treated right royally by the genial host and his most hospitable family, and the little steel cruiser Rose of Helena in readiness, and all prepared, she steams out on her way through the wonderful gorge so aptly named. The diminutive vessel, though appearing like a marvel of mechanism, and said to be the only craft manufactured which has successfully breasted the powerful currents of the upper river. Constructed entirely of steel-plates, propelled by a small but powerful engine driving with force a stern wheel of peculiar construction, proves a most formidable subject for plowing the stubborn stream. Judge Hilger ably handles the rudder, steering its course through the tortuous and circuitous route, bringing the bounding tug through with safety to any desired point.

Mr. Hilger, the addition of an engine, admirably handles the valves and levers with a self-satisfied air, and smiles complacently at the casual unsmiles expressed by some when rounding a sharp bend or ascending turbulent rapids. Pleasing and genial withal, he becomes an immediate favorite with the voyagers, his Pastafarian presence adding jollity to the occasion. On speeds the boat through the narrow defile revealing yawning chasms on either side of the river, the escaping smoke from the steamer's funnel leaving a dense black outline in the azure sky a grim indicator of the path taken.

Frowning walls of rock are encountered, their turreted battlements reaching far into the heavens, each turn in the river revealing new wonders. Winding along in its sinuosity the stream is encased on either side of solid granite, towering columns and arches, dismal and unexplored caverns whose entrances even have never been traversed by man, mythical castles, heaven-pointing steeples and spires, all standing like gigantic sentinels on the outpost of the rock-bound home of some fabled giant. The whole scene, novel and marvelous, weird, grand, and majestic, is such that can but be compared with the descriptions of the fairyland of the Arabian Nights. Here, apparently, rocks have been upheaved by the violence of nature and forced to a sublime height, which before cooling were sculptured and chiseled out in the blue sky in designs known only to the gods.

With a slight tax on the imagination, faces, forms, and figures can be easily discerned, and the weird fantasies of the brain and the sketches of the vague borderlands of fancy and the archaic shore as seen only in vivid minds are brought to view. A voice, whether aloud or in a whisper, reverberates from cliff to cliff, and a laugh is sent back from mountain peak as though echoing in mimic defiance the impenetrability of the surrounding heights. Such in brief is a description of the land here endeavored to portray, and be it the Switzerland of America or the phantom precincts of She, the fact remains that we have within easy access of Helena a locality which in justice to one's self should not be overlooked, especially when the advantages offered for its inspection are so favorable. During the fall months nature is at its best, and pleasure-seekers can act no wiser than to avail themselves of the opportunity suggested in visiting the spot, as displays his herculean power by blockading with barriers of adamant ice, will have sealed for months to come and made impassable the entrance to the Mountains' gate.

American and English Beauty.

If one looks into the question of relative English and American beauty, it is plain that the manifest superiority of American women is due partly to their knowledge—ah! how well they know!—how to make the best of themselves. One thing is particularly common even among the best-looking English women, and that is an unsightly gap in the teeth where one has been removed—it may be a front tooth itself. They never seem to think it necessary to have it replaced, and it gives a positive shock to an American accustomed to the scrupulous care of the teeth practiced by their countrywomen. Another difference is in the grizzled hair of many English ladies who don't seem to care to acquire the subtle skill of the American woman of 50 or thereabouts, whose hair suddenly turns to a lustrous, dazzling white, making the features twice as young by contrast. Of course the American ladies deny that they do anything to tide over the grizzled period, but all the same there are no grizzles in American society, and there are innumerable handsome middle-aged women with snow-white hair and youthful faces. This invaluable result has not yet crossed the Atlantic, but English ladies are sighing for it. They often ask, "How do the Americans get their snow-white hair at 45?" Which nobody has yet been found willing to answer.—Boston Transcript.

"Well," said the Car Stove to the Rotterdam yesterday, "you have had a pretty busy summer, and have hustled a good many people into the mysterious beyond, but you work is lame after a while. You don't give them a taste of the hereafter. Just wait a few weeks and see me broil 'em." And they joined arms and walked down to the manager's office to tell how much they were saving him every year.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Amazed at the Bandits.

A few years ago a prominent American merchant living in Paris gave a grand dinner and a gentleman's opera party at the Grand opera house. Falconer was one of the guests. It was of the season of the year when Paris was filled with Americans, of whom the audience on this night was largely composed. At the opera Falconer took the front of a proscenium box on the left of the stage, and leaning on the cushion, was soon lost in the performance. In the second act the heroine was singing an aria at the foot-lights. The background was a dense wood. Right under Falconer's nose a villainous-looking bandit emerged, and knife in hand, stealthily crept toward the singer. Bandit after bandit appeared. It was all real to Falconer. His excitement was intense. With his eyes glaring and body half out of the box he divided attention with the play. At last a bandit appeared on the extreme right. Nothing could save the singer. Falconer could stand it no longer, and springing out shouted: "My heavens, another! The woods is full of them!"

The house was in an uproar and laughed itself hoarse. It was twenty minutes before the performance could proceed.—New York Evening Star.

What to Wear When Traveling.

For men a light cap, one that will cover the ears, so as to serve as a nightcap, will be desirable. In cold weather a woolen cap is best. This cap should be put on as soon as the car is entered. A loose blouse should take the place of the coat usually worn. If there is a draught in the car face it; do not let it strike the back. Have the bed made with its head toward the engine; the dust will then be driven to the foot, where it will do the least harm. But be sure to have a sufficient quantity of bed clothes to keep warm. A soft, loose, knit woolen hood is the best headwear for women; this should be worn at night also. It should be warmer in winter than in summer months. The corsets should be removed at night and a loose woolen wrapper worn for a night dress. The stocking supporters, as well as every constricting band around the waist should be loosened. Every adult should take from five to ten grains of quinine on going to bed. It will be well to rub the hands, feet, face and neck with a little vaseline at the same time.—Medical and Surgical Record.

A Lucky Man.

One of the former army officers who has made a fortune in the western country is spending some of his surplus income in New York city. He used to hold a commission in the regular army and was stationed at Fort Laramie, where everybody knew him as Capt. Bob Torrey. He never had a dollar but his regular pay, and he never faced that very long. He is a jolly-faced, prematurely gray-haired man, who had not much thought of the future until he fell in with some cattlemen in Wyoming who gave him a little interest in their big ranch for the occasional care and supervision he could exercise over it in his military capacity. He owns it all now, and unlike a good many other cattlemen, has been very successful in his ventures, and has money enough to assure him a very luxurious ending to his former uncomfortable life on the plains. He resigned from the army and for a couple of years past has been one of the best-known figures in Washington social life. He is an accomplished gentleman of easy, pleasant manners and is credited with an ambition to take a hand in the big senatorial fight that is soon to come off in Colorado.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water.

The postmaster at Montevideo, Fla., has offered a premium of \$5 to the person mailing the greatest number of letters in his office during the present quarter.

Why did the Women

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

St. Jacobs Oil

Be sure that the bottle is exactly like this. Little aches now mean much in the near future if not eradicated, and St. Jacobs Oil will do this as nothing else can. Accept no bottle but exactly like this, as the picture of the only shape and form that the proprietors, THE CHARLES A. VOEGELER COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

The Wide-Awake Widow.

Here is a picture of one lately become a widow: Her sighs are tenderly managed. Her far-away look at times would indicate that she is gazing across the swift and silent tide that flows ceaselessly along the dark, dim walls of the world to a gentleman whom she knew quite well, who is sitting lonesomely among the asphodels of the other bank, holding a bouquet of scented immortelles to a nose that does not smell. She is not gazing there, however. She has grown a little near-sighted on his account, or she would not to-night be smiling at the gentleman whom, if the saying seed bears fruit, she will one day be reminding of those many virtues in his predecessor which she never discovered till she found them in the epithaph.

To dream of a ponderous whale. Pretext on the tip of his tail. Is the sign of a storm (If the weather is warm). Unless it should happen to fail.

Dreams don't amount to much, anyhow. Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are sick with no appetite, tormented with sick headache and bilious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

The Atlantic young women have given up the idea of furnishing the president's wife with an escort of one hundred young ladies on the occasion of her visit to that city next month.

Pico's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

There are a lot of city of Edinburgh, Scotland, 181 churches, 124 of which belong to the Presbyterians.

Man, Woman or Child attacked with Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Gravel or Urinary Complaints should use the best weapon—Dr. Killeen's Swamp Root, Kidney, Liver, and Bladder Cure. It goes right to the spot. Price 25c, \$1.00.

Japanese house servants are becoming popular in Modesto, and are displacing Chinese.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Hops are rotting on the vines in Sonoma, Cal., owing to the severity of pickers.

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

A Mexican laborer considers himself fortunate, it is said, if he can get 25 cents a day for his services.

ITCHING PILLS.

SYMPTOMS: Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcers, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases—DR. SWAYNE & SONS, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

It will be two weeks before the railroad washouts in Arizona will be repaired.

Blood Will Tell.

There is no question about it—blood will tell—especially if it be an impure blood. Blotches, eruptions, pimples and boils, are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its function of purifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are carried to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are mere evidences of the struggle of Nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless her warning be heeded in time, serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorders, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent and cure these diseases, by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

Burnt cork is said by minstrels to soften and benefit the skin.

Moxie is harmless as gravel yet recovers the effects of heat, over-work and indolence. Take a glass and you are as good as new.

Grain is yielding well in Idaho, with the exception of that which was drowned out by high water.

THINK OF THIS.

Many people have neglected slight manifestations of humor in the blood till the foul matter has become so powerful as to cause terrible scrofulous sores, awful suffering, and finally, as the system becomes drained of all its strength, death.

Some have neglected distress after eating, heartburn, occasional headaches, and other early symptoms of dyspepsia, till this painful disease has become incurable, and the victim barely sustains a miserable existence.

Others neglect that tired feeling, pains in the back, weakness, languor, till general debility and indigestion of liver disease becomes firmly fixed upon them and there is no hope of recovery.

It is wise in the power of medicine, scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, catarrh, rheumatism, that tired feeling, and any disease or affection caused by impure blood or low state of the system.

Be sure and get "the peculiar medicine."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

YOURS FOR HEALTH

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For All of those Painful Catarrhs, Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Women, Mothers, and Daughters.

It cures entirely all kinds of Catarrhs, Inflammation, and Ulceration, of the Uterus, Ovary, and Vagina, and all consequent spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the treatment of all cases of Female Complaints, and is the most powerful and reliable remedy for all such cases. It is sold by Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

Agent make \$5 per day selling Improved Blood Purifier, Catarrh Remedy, and all the best of Dr. J. C. Thompson, 121 Quincy St., Chicago.

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pain. Let us hear from you. Dr. J. C. Thompson, 121 Quincy St., Chicago.

LADY OPIUM

DR. J. C. THOMPSON'S

ELLY'S CREAM

I was cured before the second bottle of Elly's Cream. I was troubled with a skin eruption, gathering in head, difficulty in breathing and discharges from my ears—O. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut St., Phila.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

HOME STUDY. Book keeping, Business English, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short hand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, 415 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Best stamps for particulars. CHANNING DETECTIVE BUREAU, 41 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

ELLY'S CREAM

It is the unanimous opinion of my customers that your "Eucalypti" is the best of all as good as the majority of those at sale.

JOHN W. TANNILL & CO., Chicago

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy. Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases, and gives a soft, smooth, and healthy complexion.

It is a harmless, and perfectly safe preparation, and is sold by all druggists and fancy goods stores.

Prepared by Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 121 Broadway, New York.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods stores throughout the U. S., Canada, and Europe.

Beware of cheap imitations. \$1.00 Reward for discovery of any one selling the same.

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP ROOT

Cures Kidney and Bladder

A MEDICAL VICTORY!

Cures Bright's Disease, Catarrh of the Bladder, Torpid Liver, It dissolves Gall-Stones and Gravel.

SYMPTOMS AND CONDITIONS

should be taken.

Scalding Stomach, Blood-Tinged Urine, Dropsical Swelling, Biliousness, Headache, Frequent Constipation, Torpid Liver, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, Backache, Neuritis, Sciatica, Gout, etc.

It is a most Wonderful Appetizer.

Builds up quickly a Run-down Constitution.

25¢ per bottle. 50¢ per bottle. \$1.00 per bottle.

Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods stores.

Let all of your neighbors all about it.

SOLELY BY A. L. KELCEY, CHICAGO.

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1887.

Now comes The Ypsilantian, a republican organ, and exultingly asks if there is not a duty on wheat and other products of the farm. We answer that there is, but what person whose skull is stocked with a medium of brains will contend that the farmer derives the slightest benefit from that duty? The price of wheat in this country is determined by the price which the Liverpool grain merchants are willing to pay for the surplus which we have to send abroad. A tariff of \$10 a bushel on wheat would be powerless to raise the price of the staple article in the New York market a single cent.—Lansing Journal.

Does it then follow that taking off the tariff from wheat would not lower the price? We will not argue the matter of brains. We know the Journal has some, and it can not therefore believe that opening the ports to free importation would not bring in greater quantities of Canadian grain, and even Indian wheat from the west, whenever the American market would afford better prices than they would realize elsewhere. The Journal must admit, too, that that would tend to bring our market to the level with theirs, and thus that the tariff on wheat does protect the farmer. Of that favorite declaration of the free traders that Liverpool fixes the value of American wheat in American markets, if it be true, we think it a strong argument against free trade, and in favor of such policy as shall enable us to consume the whole of our product, so that there shall be no surplus for export. At the present rapid rate of growth of manufacturing industries throughout this country, under the fostering influence of the protective policy, that condition should be soon realized, and the farmers of America be emancipated from any dependence upon the traders of Liverpool, real or imaginary, for quotations of values for their own product. That dependence, instead of relieving, the free traders propose deliberately to fasten forever, and to indefinitely increase, by removing not only the protective tariff upon wheat, but, what is of far greater importance in its protective influence upon the farmer, the tariff upon manufactures, which gives him the only desirable market he now has.

If the Free Press would gather some information on the subject of the Hennepin Canal, it might talk more accurately about it. To say that it is a project "as purely local and private as the Detroit Boulevard," is to display ignorance or recklessness; and to say that "the projectors of the canal make no pretense that it is national in its character," is to disregard every word that has ever been uttered in its behalf by any of them.

At the McKendree Methodist church in Nashville, Tenn., last Sunday, Rev. Dr. W. A. Chandler delivered a severe invective against the stage and the habits of many stage people. Miss Emma Abbott was in the congregation, and at the close of the discourse she rose and declared that she had been on the stage from her ninth year, and had always tried to do her duty before God; and she defied anybody in the world to say one word against her fair name. The clergyman said he would not reply to the lady, but that the performance was more suited to the theater than the house of God. Miss Abbott would have shown better discretion if she had said nothing, and Mr. Chandler would have shown better sense if he had made a different reply.

That useful paper, the Saginaw Morning Herald, speaking of the controversy over the doctrine of probation after death, thinks "it will be a very great relief to have this vexed question permanently decided." The Herald can now find its relief. Since its paragraph was written, the question has been "decided," by the American Board. The heathen must burn.

If leading republican papers can be justly regarded as representative of the sentiment of their party the democracy may reasonably hope for some aid in tariff reduction this winter from Illinois and Minnesota republicans. The Chicago Tribune and the St. Paul Pioneer-Press, the leading republican papers of the two states named, are outspoken in their denunciation of the protectionist proposition.—Free Press.

As the Chicago Tribune and the St. Paul Pioneer-Press have been for many years just as outspoken in that direction as they are now, and the republican party has steadily gone in the opposite direction, it would not appear that those "leading republican papers" can be justly regarded as representative of the sentiment of their party" on that subject.

HE WON'T HELP.

A person signing himself A. Owen Crozier, of Grand Rapids, takes a full column of the valuable space of the Free Press to say that he will never, no, never lift a finger to help the enforcement of the local option law for the securing of prohibition in the counties; because, he says, "it will be better for Michigan as a state that the saloons remain open in the rural districts a few years longer." He is moved to that opinion by the reflection that it is not possible at present to close the saloons in the large cities. He would not, he says, "be understood as being in favor of putting a saloon by the side of every man's home to trap his son in order to stimulate his energy," but that is precisely what from his own words he is understood to recommend. The Free Press, which is a great authority in such matters, editorially endorses Mr. Crozier as being a simon-pure A. 1 prohibitionist. If he is the same A. Owen Crozier who disappeared from this county directly after the election last fall, he probably has the credentials to support the Free Press estimate; and they will read, "Prohibition Ticket: For Congressman, 2d district, A. Owen Crozier." On the margin will be found penciled, "200 short," and on the back, "431 short." Those are the figures, respectively, which A. Owen Crozier lacked of running up to his ticket in this county and in the district; while he lacked 3,466 in the county, and 14,820 in the district, of polling as many votes as the prohibition amendment received.

WHERE?

EMILY J. HUGGEE.

There will come a morning that I shall not see,
And a summer whose sunshine and greenness
will be
As fair to all others as this is to me.
But where, when that morning shall dawn will I be?

There will be a mound with the grasses grown
o'er,
And a headstone, perchance, with my name
and no more;
And the sun will shine brightly as ever before,
And the birds sing as sweet in the trees at my door.

It will all be the same when my feet are at rest,
And my hands folded over my motionless breast;
The pathway I trod by new feet will be pressed,
And the friends I have loved with new friendship be blessed.

Some hearts for a little may grieve that I'm gone,
And a shadow will darken the sunshine of home;
But the shadow will pass and the brightness will come—
I would not have it linger on heart or on home.

But where shall I be, tell me where shall I be,
When the spring-tide and summer that I shall not see
Come back with the wealth of their beauty so free
To all of the living, but not unto me?

Oh! surely, I shall not be senseless and cold;
This soul will be thrilling, as ever of old,
As beautiful visions before it unfold
Of the wonders and glory that never were told.

I shall not be buried away out of sight,
For I shall be climbing a pathway of light
That stretches away to the infinite height,
Far over the shadows of darkness or night.

And I shall be there what I longed to be here,
As I grow in the warmth of that radiant sphere
Unhindered, unshuffled by earth's chilling fear.
Then what if a morning that I shall not see
Shall robe in its splendor the mountain and sea,
Since there's nothing of loss in the land where I be,
And a thousandfold glory is added to me.

"A HORSE! A HORSE!"

My Kingdom for a Horse."

It cannot be denied that the above was a rather generous offer, and had one of our sharp Ypsilanti horse traders happened to be on the ground Richard could have had a good horse for his contested kingdom. But, while speaking of generous offers, what do you think of this:

A Hand-Made Single Harness for \$12.00
A Better Harness for - - 15.00
And one yet Better for - - 18.00

These are not dramatic offers to win applause from the galleries, but actual business offers made by

W. H. HALL!

The Harness Maker and Dealer at the corner of Congress and Washington streets. It may also be suggested that Hall has a full line of

FINE WOOL BLANKETS

—AND—

Bear, Wolf and Goat Robes!
HORSE BOOTS OF ALL KINDS.

Hall is also Agent for the Celebrated Kalamazoo Road Carts.

See the Sign of the Bay Horse

BANCHART & CLARK,

Proprietors of the

Central Meat Market

CONGRESS ST.,

The best place in the city from which to order

FRESH MEAT OF ALL KINDS

Beefsteak, Porksteak, Sausage

Hams, Bacons, Shoulders.

None but the VERY BEST MEATS bought or sold.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

Or do you think of using

Lumber or Paint

In large or small quantities?

If you do you should call at once on

S. W. Parsons & Co.

DEALERS IN

BUILDING MATERIAL

AND

Carpenter's Supplies of all kinds!

Lumber Yard and Factory north of Public Squares, east side; Branch Office and Paint Depot, Worden Block, Huron Street.

REMOVED!

C. F. ENDERS

Has removed his

CARPENTER & CABINET SHOP

to Prof. George's new building, next to the Opera House, where he will continue the same business as heretofore—manufacturing to order Book Cases, Desks, Wardrobes, Cupboards, Tables, etc. Old customers and new are invited to call at the new location.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

SAMSON

has filled his store again with Books and Stationery, and a great many other articles for Students of the Union and State Normal School. He continues to retail books

WHOLESALE PRICES!

No one can sell at any less price. All pupils, both large and small, can get bargains—all alike or on the same terms. Secondhand Books bought and sold at great reduction. In addition to Books, etc., the public will always find the best and choicest

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Cosmetics

And they will find Mr. Mayhew on hand to dispense articles in the Drug Department and to fill Prescriptions with accuracy and dispatch.

The ladies will also find the largest stock of desirable Note Papers and Fancy Goods, and Mrs. Alice Cook will take pleasure in serving them.

First National Bank, Ypsilanti

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$75,000.

OFFICERS:

D. L. QUIRK, Pres. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

D. L. QUIRK, L. A. BARNES,
E. F. UHL, C. S. WORTLEY,
CHAS. KING, S. H. DODGE.

F. A. OBERST,

—DEALER IN—

FLOUR, FEED AND COAL

Stationery and all Leading Periodicals. Headquarters for Fresh Fish.

DEPOT POST OFFICE,

Follett House Block, Cross St.

Goods delivered to any part of the city.

Tremendous Slaughter!

—ON—

BUGGIES!

McPHERSON & SCOTT

Have decided to reduce the prices on their buggies for the next

30 DAYS!

To make room for extending their gear trade. Now is the time to buy a buggy for the fair at cost.

Call and see our

\$80-BUGGY FOR \$66.

PENSIONS!

D. B. GREENE has procured more pensions than all the rest of the County.

Call and see him.

He is always at home on PENSION DAY to fix your vouchers. The infirm waited on at home.

We wish to inform the people of Ypsilanti and vicinity that we have on hand about

100 HEAD!

of very fine steers, and we propose to give them the benefit of it.

You will also find a full line of all kinds of

FRESH MEATS

AND SAUSAGE,

HAMS, BACON

AND SHOULDERS.

We cure all our own meats, consequently they are always fresh and can sell at the very lowest prices.

Come and see before purchasing elsewhere.

H. Fairchild & Co.

A. D. MORFORD,

No. 3 CONGRESS ST.

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines

CHEMICALS,

PERFUMERY and FANCY TOILET ARTICLES

Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Syringes,

Paints, Brushes, Oils, Varnishes and Dye Stuffs,

ALSO

WALL PAPER of the Newest and Best Designs.

ALBAN & JOHNSON,

Have an immense new stock of

Men's Clothing!

Boys' Clothing!

Children's Clothing!

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

TAILORING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, ETC.,

—FOR THE—

---FALL TRADE---

Call and see our stock; we have what you want.

ALBAN & JOHNSON.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

No. 5 Congress St.

THE STUDENTS' STORE.

The place where you can get your goods cheap. Special discounts to large buyers.

A. A. GRAVES,

THE GROCER,

NO. 5 CONGRESS STREET.

When, Where and Why.

WHEN?---To-day, to-morrow, or any other day.

WHERE?---Arthur Smith's Grocery on Congress street.

WHY?---Because he has a large stock of the best Groceries and sells them at lowest possible prices. He has fresh fruits, canned fruits, fruits of the orchard field and factory. Tea from China and Japan, Coffee from Java, Spices from South America, and the best that could be bought in the grocery line from the markets of the world.

GEO. FULLER & SON, CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, BRACKETS AND MOULDINGS.

Building Estimates, with Plans and Specifications furnished on application.

Shop on River Street.

SENIOR LIFE INSURANCE.

THE AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. OF ELKHART, IND.

Is the BEST Senior Life Ins. Co. in the World! The lowest assessments. Only one each month. No annual dues. No pools. Each month pays the losses for that month. ABSOLUTELY SAFE. Pays promptly without quibbling. Will transfer members from other Co.'s free. Address the Secretary at Elkhart, Ind. S. STEWART, Sec'y.

And Now We Are In For It! THE EMPORIUM

Is filling up. Goods are being purchased lower than ever before. There is an immense stock and it must be sold. It can be proved beyond a question that if you want

Drugs or Books!

Wallpaper, Paints, Glass, Cutlery, Jewelry, Notions and Fancy Goods, Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Albums, Gold Pens, or Physician's Prescriptions prepared with care, you can always save money by calling on

FRANK SMITH.

He will be glad to see you. He wants your friendship, and your money, if he can make you happier by taking it from you. He is a wonderfully benevolent fellow, he is, and please don't fail to call on him at his EMPORIUM.

BARNUM & EARL

No. 27 Congress Street.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware

GOLD PENS, OPTICAL GOODS, Etc.

New styles, original designs, elegant and appropriate for every one. The finest goods at the lowest possible prices. Everybody come whether you purchase or not.

"THE BEST PLACE"

To look for what you may want in the Jewelry line.

—FOR—

Granaries

—AND—

Coal Bins!

There is nothing equal to those

Taber Organ Boxes!

All matched stuff. Only \$1.00 for next thirty days, at

CHAS. E. SAMSON'S.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

—FROM THE—

Union Block Grocery!

ENTIRE STOCK NEW AND FRESH.

Prices and Quality of Goods not surpassed by any house in the city.

Give the New Firm a Trial.

WATERMAN, THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Has secured the services of Mr. JERTZ, of Schrimpel & Spellman's of Germany, and later of Bigelow's of Detroit. No cheap or inferior work is allowed to leave this studio, and the citizens of Ypsilanti may justly take pride in giving him their patronage. Call and be convinced.

38193

WATERMAN'S, CONGRESS STREET

BOLLERS

STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS
(Established 1865) Manufacture of High and Low
Pressure and steam Heating Boilers of all
kinds; smoke pipes, breechings, etc. Old
boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets,
boiler plates and boiler tubes for sale. Cor.
Fondroyd and Mich. Central R. R. tracks
DETROIT, MICH. 382493

These tops are, some of them, veritable copies of the old-fashioned, high-back Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve cough, whooping cough and bronchitis. Frank Smith, druggist. y

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cts. Frank Smith, druggist. y

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker mouth. Frank Smith, druggist. y

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1. Frank Smith, y

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Boston, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe their lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Frank Smith. y

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Frank Smith. y

comb of 100 years ago in all but size and material.

What Kind of Ladies?

N. Y. World.

The only bar-room in the world habitually visited by ladies for other than drinking purposes is that of the Hoffman.

RENEWES HER YOUTH.—Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c. at Smith's Drug Store. 4

man house. Some six years ago there was a ladies' day, and the pictorial and mural beauties of the cafe were shown to hundreds of fair admirers. Since

Give Them a Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, chronic consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Buschke's German Syrup, along with any cough medicine at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain. a

then women have become regular visitors, at almost any time of the day or early evening. They are not served with drinks, and never create or occasion a disturbance.

A CAPTAIN'S FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.—Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, flying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy for Consumption, and is on board the schooner. Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Frank Smith's Drug Store.

4

LADIES!
You need not soil your dresses. Dr. Kelly's
Medicated Arm Shield
will positively relieve you from excessive sweating arm pits.
Dr. James T. Sharpe, 36 N Clark st., Chicago, writes: Ladies need have no fears about wearing Dr. Kelly's Arm Shield as they are harmless, and a most certain relief from excessive sweating arm pits.
FOR SALE ONLY BY
H. P. GLOVER,
Dealer in Dry Goods, etc.
Electric Sudor!
The only remedy in the world for sweating feet, swelling, burning or galling extremities.
Can be used as the summer dressing for all kinds of burns, galls, chapping, &c., &c.
Endorsed and recommended by over a thousand physicians of Chicago. Used by U. S. army and navy.
FOR SALE ONLY BY
HEWITT & CHAMPION,
Dealer in Boots & Shoes.
WM. MALLION,
Gunsmith, and dealer in all kinds of Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, etc. Repairing and Gas Fitting promptly attended to.
Washington St., Ypsilanti.

MORTGAGE SALE.—BY A MORTGAGE dated the 28th day of August, 1887, and recorded on the 28th day of August, 1887, at 1-50 cent per page, in Liber Sixty-two, Range Six, County of Deees for the county of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, in favor of the mortgagee, on pages 69 and 70, of said record, William D. Harriman mortgaged to Ezra D. Lay, lands in the township of Ann Arbor, in said Washtenaw county, described as follows: "Said six acres, beginning on the southeast corner of the east half of the southeast quarter of section thirty-one, in said township of Ann Arbor, and extending thence north to the quarter section stake; thence west about sixty-three and one-third miles so far as the quarter section stake, and south parallel with said first line through a drive well would intersect said point; thence south through the center of said drive well, where a wind wheel stands and stock is watered, about one hundred and sixty rods to the center of the highway, thence east to the place of beginning, excepting about fifty acres on the south end thereof, said lot to Sarah A. Henion, wife of said Ezra D. Lay, and her heirs, along the east side of land deeded by Nelson Sutherland and wife to Sarah A. Henion, dated August 10, 1876, and recorded in Liber Sixty-two, on page 476 in the office of Register of deeds for Washtenaw county. The sum of \$1,000, in lawful money of the United States, four cents is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, and also an attorney's fee thereon, and costs of suit, and all therein, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the same, or any part thereof, it is hereby ordered, made in the conditions of said mortgage by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises, above described, at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at ten o'clock in the forenoon on Monday, the 12th day of December, 1887, at the south door of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county."

Dated, Sept. 8, 1887.
EZRA D. LAY, Mortgagee,
D. B. GREENE, Attorney. 401-13

STATE OF MICHIGAN. COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the tenth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Alfred Smith, deceased. On reading and filing of the petition of William J. Canfield, petitioner, praying that Administration of said estate may be granted to William J. Canfield, administrator, docketed in Liber Forty-LANTIAN, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said date, it was ordered, that said

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
[true copy] Judge of Probate.
JAMES C. BUTT, Probate Registrar. 102-40

COFFEE

name on a package of COFFEE is a guarantee of excellence.

PILSNER BEER

COFFEE is kept in all first-class stores from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

COFFEE

is never good when exposed to the air. Always buy this brand in hermetically sealed ONE POUND PACKAGES.

We have decided to handle exclusively Pittsburgh CELEBRATED NATURAL GAS WINDOW GLASS—which is about the strongest glass ever used in the world. No dealer does not keep it, who does not have the best of our product on hand.


N. B. W. & Co.,
113 N. Superior St.,
Chicago, Ill.

This superior
glass is sold at same
price as other brands,
usually offered in this State.

\$5.00 a box 80x90 ft. Polished
Glass in stock. Orders filled promptly.

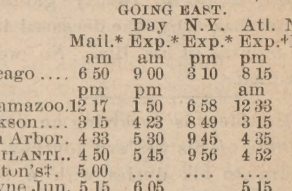
W. M. D. D.

73 & 75 Ward Street New York



MICHIGAN CENTRAL

The Niagara Falls Route



The GREAT CENTRAL SYSTEM
Cape Cod
ALBANY, N.Y.
Niagara Falls, Buffalo
New York, Boston
and New England Ports. G.W. Hughes Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent

TIME TABLE—JULY 6, 1887.

	GOING		Day N.Y.		Atl.	Night	
	Mail.*	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*
Chicago	6:50	9:00	3:10	8:15	9:10		
Kalamazoo	7:17	9:30	6:58			am	am
Jackson	8:15	4:23	8:49	3:15	4:50	9:15	
Ann Arbor	4:53	9:30	9:45	4:35	6:08	10:20	
Ypsilanti	4:50	5:13	9:56	4:32	5:00	10:40	
Denton st.	5:00				6:33		
Wayne Jun.	5:15	6:05		5:15	6:47	11:00	
W. Detroit	5:50	6:35	10:35	6:00	8:20	11:33	
Detroit	6:00	6:45	11:15	6:00	7:30	11:45	
		3:35		am	pm		
Buffalo				6:45	7:50		

GOING WEST

	Day	Chi.	Grand	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*
	Mail.*	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*	Exp.*
Buffalo		11:30	5:45		10:00	11:33	
	am	am	pm	pm	pm	pm	
Detroit		7:10	9:20	1:40	4:00	8:00	9:15
Wayne Jun.	7:40	9:53	2:23	4:15	8:37	9:50	
Denton st.	7:52				5:00		
Ypsilanti	8:01	10:12	2:30	4:12	8:58	10:20	
Ann Arbor	8:16	10:25	2:32	5:00	9:12	10:38	
Jackson		5:43	3:32	7:10	10:12	12:00	
Kalamazoo	11:32	1:50	5:15	9:45	12:00	2:30	
Chicago	5:15	6:40	9:30		7:00	8:30	

*Sundays excepted. *Daily. *Stop on signal.
Trains run on central, *Daily.

O. & W. ROUTES.

B. M. DAMON, Station Agent, Ypsilanti.
G. P. & T. AGT, Chicago.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN

	Mail		Mail
Fr't & ex. ch.		Fr't & ex. ch.	
6:00 am	9:00 am	5:10 pm	6:30 pm
7:00	9:15	Pittsfield	4:59
7:05	9:28	Saline	4:42
8:15	9:45	Hudson	4:30
10:03	10:03	Manchester	4:10
10:35	10:15	Watkins	3:57
11:00	10:30	Brook	3:43
11:52	10:40	Woodstock	3:30
12:30pm	10:50	Somerset	3:23
1:00	11:00	S'm'st, Cent.	3:18
1:45	11:05	Jerome	3:09
2:58	11:16	North Adams	2:58
3:30pm			2:50 pm
	6:50 pm	Chicago	7:23 am
	5:05	Toledo	9:36 am
	9:40pm		9:36 am
	3:30am	Buffalo	11:40pm

*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only.
*Thursdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.
*Daily except Sunday.

D^r. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, corner of Adams and Emmet sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST & Pearl street, near Postoffice, Ypsilanti, Mich.

D^r. JAMES HUBERTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence on River street, L. D. Norris place. Telephone No. 45.

H^{ER}MPHILL, BATCHELDER & CO., BANKERS, corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti.

D^r. W. R. BARTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, Huron street, opposite Minerva (Bar House) Ypsilanti, Mich. Calls in city of country will receive prompt attention.

A CARD.—D^r. FLORA H. RUCH, RES-idence and office of country of Washington and streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag masts, etc., Washington street.

A. B. BELDEN, DENTIST.

VANUYL BLOCK.

Street.

Congress Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary.

Extensive preparations are being made at Memphis, Tenn., for the convention to be held in that city Oct. 20 and 21 for the improvement of the Western waterways.

At Indianapolis the other day a claim was filed by a saloon keeper against a dead man's estate for twenty gallons of whisky purchased by the deceased in the last five months of his life. No wonder the man died.

The President is receiving an ovation at all points on his western journey. He will return to his duties with a better understanding of the greatness of the country whose chief executive he is, and a loftier appreciation of the honorable place he fills.

The average man throughout the civilized world annually consumes 446 pounds of grain, 70 pounds of meat, 7 pounds of butter and 20 pounds of sugar. When the reader takes into consideration the tobacco he chews and the fluids he gets away with, the amount of stuff he consumes is enormous.

The United States Navy has long been the butt of international ridicule, but when it comes to rigging up racing yachts we can't be turned down. The American Volunteer defeated the Scotch Thistle in the first of their series of races without half trying, thus maintaining an unbroken record of victory of many years for American sailing yachts.

The expression, "the skin of my teeth," is commonly supposed to be vulgar slang. Upon reference, however, to the Bible, Job ix 20, the true origin of the expression will be found. Many other expressions regarded as vulgar are traceable to the same high authority, while not a few generally attributed to the same are of different origin.

The Chicago News hit on a new thing in the way of a reception to Cleveland, and publishes three or four columns of interviews with and letters from a large number of prominent people of all parties regarding their opinion as to the kind of a President Cleveland has made. The opinions vary in tone from the most flattering to rank abuse.

The old question as to whether the upper part of a carriage wheel in motion goes along faster than the lower part seems to have been settled by instantaneous photography. In the photograph the outwards of the upper spokes appear indistinct by reason of the motion while the outer ends of the spokes in the lower part of the wheel are photographed with distinctness.

The Secretary of the Treasury finds the appropriation for collecting the customs revenue running short, and has consequently issued an order requiring officers having authority to nominate persons for appointment in the customs service to "make such recommendations as will cause the least possible expenditure consistent with a prompt transaction of public business."

The new postal laws and regulations have gone into effect. Among the many important changes the postmaster-general has made in his revision that the public is interested in, is that postal cards are now returnable. The section relating to postal cards says that they may be forwarded on request, and should be returned to the writer to the office of address when unclaimed.

It is now pretty well settled that Americans can build faster yachts than any other nation. If this was doubted before, the recent races between the Thistle and Volunteer have removed that doubt. The latter won by a lead of fifteen minutes in a run of forty miles. The London News says: "England has to learn a lesson from Americans in this branch of ship building and had better go about it at once."

Kansas is ahead in railroad building this year with 1,184 miles of new track. Texas comes next with 665 miles. Nebraska third with 546, Dakota fourth with 491, Indian Territory fifth with 433, Colorado sixth with 403, and Montana seventh with 273 miles. These seven states and territories have built an aggregate of 4,000 miles, or nearly two-thirds of all that has been built this year in the entire country.

This judge of the United States District Court at Fort Scott, Kansas, a few days ago rendered a lengthy decision denying an application made by a colored man, Reeves, for a mandamus to compel the admission of his children to the schools provided for white children. He held that the facts admitted in the argument of the case show that equal facilities are provided for both white and colored children and that under such state of facts the control and direction of the schools rests solely in the hands of the school board, which may direct within its discretion what school each child in its district shall attend.

The present year promises to be notable for two things, the number of terrible casualties which it has witnessed and the number of new political parties to which it has given birth. Hardly a week passes that we do not hear of the organization of some new political movement, which, in the language of its originators, is "bound to sweep the country" at some date in the near future. The country will indeed be terribly swept if all these predictions are fulfilled. The labor agitation has given rise to no less than three or four distinct parties each one having for its object the crushing out of "capitalistic monopolies." In New York there are now five separate tickets in the field for the coming State election; the Republican, Prohibitionist, Democratic, Henry George, and Progressive Labor. Other parties are yet to be heard from. That must be a man difficult to please who can't now find a party to fit his political ideas.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

An elevator and storehouse at Owatonna, Minnesota, were destroyed by fire Friday. The loss amounted to \$16,400. Most of the property was insured.

The Commercial Bulletin's fire record or September shows an aggregate loss of \$7,937,900, against \$6,500,000 in September, 1886. The total for the first nine months of the current year is \$93,183,500, against \$83,400,000 for the corresponding period of 1886.

The distillery of Ephraim Howe, on Elm street, New York, was burned Thursday, with a stock of spirits valued at \$150,000. The loss on the building was \$25,000.

Advices from Lonoke, Ark., say the gin-house belonging to M. E. Holloway, near that place, was destroyed by fire Thursday night together with about thirty bales of cotton. The loss is estimated at \$4,000; no insurance. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The fine residence of Capt. C. P. Call, and the store-house of A. W. Brown, at Ulin, Pulaski county, Ill., were entirely destroyed by fire Thursday. Call's loss is \$3,000, but partly covered by insurance. Brown's loss is \$2,000, with no insurance.

CASUALTIES.

Christian Schaeffert, a farmer living near Akron, Ohio, took his gun to shoot a blue jay, but the weapon was accidentally discharged, killing Schaeffert's wife and a 3-month-old baby that she held in her lap.

Train-wreckers forced open the switch at the gravel pit on the Dayton & Michigan railway, three miles north of Dayton, Ohio, Friday night, with intent to wreck an express train. A freight train preceded the express ran into the switch. The engine was thrown from the track and rolled in the gravel pit and four loaded freight cars were piled on it. The engineer and fireman and the crew jumped. No one was hurt.

Michael Donnelly, a resident of Dubuque, Ia., for over thirty years, an expressman by occupation, met with a fatal accident. While driving his team Thursday the horses started to run, whereupon he jumped and struck against a curbstone rebounded back, fell under the wagon, and was run over. He lived only a few hours.

Thursday night John Hester, a negro went "possum-hunting" at the same time his wife went to preaching. They looked up the house, leaving two children, aged 6 and 8, prisoners within. When they returned they found the house burned down and the charred remains of the children.

Ed. Ream, 22 years of age, was killed, Thursday, by venturing into an air shaft of a coal mine in Knoxville, Iowa, too soon after an explosion of a dynamite cartridge. Another young man narrowly escaped death from the same cause by attempting to rescue Ream.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

A quarrel of long standing has existed between the families of Charles Schaeffert and George Gaelein, of Breslau, New York, owing to the fact that the former have made use of a path that crosses the garden of the latter. Sunday Gaelein shot Mrs. Schaeffert as she was walking along the path, and buried her in a grave he had dug for the purpose. Later on he shot Schaeffert, but injured him only slightly.

In the last three years and a half a negro porter employed by a jewelry manufacturing firm of New York city has stolen \$15,000 worth of goods from his employers.

Word came Sunday from Pintic, Utah, that Bert Ether shot and killed Mike Flaherty in a row supposed to have arisen over a lynching case there over a year ago, when Ether was conspicuous in trying to prevent the lynching and in identifying and convicting the lynchers afterward. It is understood the friends of the latter have made it hot for Ether from time to time since.

At Ironton, O., Saturday night a fight occurred at a circular swing in which several persons took a hand, and during which Thomas Fay was shot and instantly killed by Andrew Clay. There was a large crowd at the "flying dutchman" near the water-works, and a dispute arose about five cents fare that was claimed to be unpaid. A fight seemed brewing and Clay intervened in behalf of peace, which started the fun, and when it was over young Fay lay dead with a bullet in his heart and Clay had a dangerous wound on his head produced by knucks. Clay was arrested at his home a few minutes after the shooting and is in jail with the charge of murder against him. Fay was about 20 years old and single while Clay is only a few years older and is a man of family.

Sam Branch, a negro, was convicted of stealing a watch in Chattanooga, Tenn., Wednesday, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. He immediately cut his throat with a pocket-knife, and died in half an hour.

John Jones of Fort Wayne, Ind., employed on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad as a freight brakeman, attempted to shoot his wife Wednesday afternoon, firing at her twice. He then ran out of the house on to Wallace street, and when in front of the Seventh Ward engine house placed his revolver to his head and shot himself, death resulting instantly. He had been on a drunken debauch for two weeks.

James Cummings, said to be wanted in Chicago, killed his employer, George Adair, at New Canaan, Bridgeport, Conn. Cummings has been working as a farm hand. Sunday night, during a dispute about the amount of wages due him, he struck Adair over the head with a whiffletree, crushing the latter's skull and killing him almost immediately. Cummings packed a grip sack and fled. He was followed as far as Greenwich by two officers, but is still at large.

A New York paper states that Inspector Bonfield is in that city for the purpose of arresting Herr Most for being accessory before the fact to the Haymarket murders, in that the incited conspiracy by letters and speeches.

George Garner, a well-known young man of Elkhart, Ind., quarreled Saturday night with a companion and shot at him. The bullet struck Edward Coulter, a bystander, in the leg.

Loren Cheney, a Wisconsin pioneer, cut his throat with a razor and then

drowned himself in a pond, at Emerald Grove, near Janesville, Wednesday.

At Brenham, Texas, on Sunday night, three negroes shot a policeman named J. M. Lockett, and then cut his throat with a razor. He was not killed, however, and identified his assailants. At last accounts, the people were preparing to exterminate the negroes as soon as notice of the policeman's death reached them.

INDUSTRIAL.

In his report to the Knights of Labor convention at Minneapolis, the secretary of the order stated that on July 1 there were 485,000 members in good standing.

Three hundred miners employed by the McLean County Coal Company, of Bloomington, Ill., the only shaft there, agreed to go out because the company had discharged the president and two secretaries of the local body of the National Federation of Miners and Mine Laborers. It is understood that the coal company based the discharge of these men upon the fact of their being union men.

WASHINGTON.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed Ernest B. Grant as Shipping Commissioner for the port of Boston.

Acting Indian Commissioner Upshaw awarded Thursday the following contracts for Indian supplies: To H. C. Stevens, of Kansas City, Mo., for 175,000 pounds of beef cattle for the Ponca Agency at \$2.54 per hundred; to John S. Sisson, of Chamberlain, D. T., for 165,000 pounds of flour for the Yankton Agency at \$1.80 per hundred, and for 100,000 pounds of flour for the Cheyenne River Agency at \$1.85 per hundred; to Asil Keyes, of Yankton, D. T., for 170,000 pounds of flour for the Cheyenne River Agency at \$2.14 per hundred. All bids for supplying fifty mares and fifty horses for the Otoe Agency were rejected.

There is a movement on foot among the citizens and property holders of the district to petition Congress at its next session to remodel the present form of government in Washington. It is proposed to ask Congress to provide for the appointment by the President of five instead of three district commissioners, one from each of the four sections of the city and one from the county. These commissioners are to be residents of the city for not less than five years, and they must be property holders.

In a report to the agricultural department at Washington on the relation of railroads to forest supplies and forestry, Mr. M. G. Kern computes that the maintenance of the existing railroad and telegraph lines requires the extinction of about 250,000 acres of timber land annually, and that nearly 50,000 acres of timber must be cut annually to provide for the additional construction of 5,000 miles of track and telegraph lines.

POLITICAL.

William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, is out in an interview in which he declares himself a candidate for the New Jersey Senatorship, to succeed Senator McPherson, whose term expires in 1889. Mr. Phelps says: "I know no reason why I should not aspire in that direction. I have the time and inclination to make the canvass, and it is pretty generally conceded that I am entitled to the Republican nomination. At any rate, I am in the field, and am doing all I can to arrange a Republican Legislature this year. The outlook is certainly favorable for the Republicans. The Democrats seem to be pretty well demoralized and disorganized. They are a minus a big leader, now that McPherson is out of the way. The outlook to me is very promising."

The Democratic convention of Iowa, met at Council Bluffs, Thursday, to nominate a State and county ticket. The convention was quiet and harmonious, the main issue of the day being on Senator and Representatives. Their nomination was mainly to strengthen the ticket for the local option and high license, as against the Republican and Prohibition. Mayor Greenway, of Council Bluffs, was nominated for Representative in the upper House; R. S. Hart, Avoca, first Representative in the lower House, and A. W. Wyman, of Key Creek Township, was nominated for second Representative in the lower House on the fourth ballot.

The State Democratic club, of California, had adopted the following: Resolved, That it is the sense of this club that the Democratic party of the State should take necessary steps to secure a meeting of the next National Convention in San Francisco, and that the general committee of the club be instructed to confer with the Democratic State Central Committee and Hon. M. T. Turpey, State Member of the Democratic National Committee, to carry out the purpose of this resolution. Democratic papers throughout the State are generally united in favoring the proposition to hold the next National Convention in San Francisco.

GENERAL.

Congressman Butterworth and Erasmus Wiman delivered addresses Friday at a meeting of Cincinnati merchants, favoring closer commercial union between this country and Canada.

Judge Bond, of the United States supreme court at Richmond, has granted perpetual injunctions against the commonwealth attorneys of Virginia in the coupon cases.

The Illinois state board of live-stock commissioners has decided to permit exhibitors to bring their cattle to the fat stock show in that city in spite of quarantine regulations.

Yellow fever has made its appearance at Tampa, Florida. Twelve cases are reported, and already one death from the dread disease has occurred. People are leaving the city in a panic.

An assignment was made Friday morning by Ogden, Colder & Co., bankers at Troy, New York. The business of the firm included a savings department, and the total liabilities are estimated at \$500,000 or more.

The total amount of bonds offered to the government, Wednesday, was \$1,744,200, of which \$1,647,100 were 4½ per cent and \$87,100 were 4 per cent. This makes the total to date \$12,079,650, which encourages the treasury officials in the belief that the whole \$14,000,000 will be redeemed within the next two days.

The National Farmers' Alliance began its seventh annual convention at Minneapolis Tuesday with fifty delegates present from Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Dakota. The only busi-

ness transacted was the appointment of the usual committees.

Captain Mobler, special examiner of the pension office, says that his investigations have convinced him that one-third or more of the pension applications are fraudulent.

The poisoning of the entire Ogletree family, consisting of four persons, near Talladega, Ala., occurred Friday. All the members of the family have died including David Ogletree and wife and two children. Their death was caused by drinking whisky in which Mrs. Ogletree had put strychnine. She had threatened to poison the whole family.

Division Superintendent Graham of the Dakota division of the Northern Pacific was arrested Friday, charged with violating the inter-state commerce act in refusing to furnish cars for the shipment of wheat and discriminating in favor of the elevator companies. His bail was fixed at \$500.

Thursday afternoon, Cornies, the 18-months-old child of M. J. K. Duncan, of Moweaqua, was given eighteen or twenty pills which contained strychnine, by an elder sister who found them hidden away in a drawer, and supposed they were candy. The child died.

William B. Washburn, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, dropped dead Wednesday morning at Springfield, in that State, while attending a session of the board of foreign missions.

At the great council of the Improved Order of Red Men in Illinois, it was reported that the order has 3,300 members in the State.

Capitalists of Deadwood, D. T., Chicago, New York, Vermont, and Wisconsin have located 2,300 acres of coal lands in northwestern Wyoming, and organized four stock companies of 150,000 shares each. The coal is a good quality of bituminous, and veins are being worked that run from three to seven feet thick. Railroad surveys have been at work already, and one road at least will soon build into the coal fields.

General Pitcairn Morrison, a retired officer who entered the regular service in 1820, died in Baltimore, Wednesday, at the age of 93.

At Harrisburg, Pa., Wednesday, a charter was granted to the Pennsylvania, Poughkeepsie and Boston Railroad Company, with a capital stock of \$1,250,000.

Hon. John B. Finch, the Prohibition orator, addressed an audience at Lynn, Mass., Monday night. On his way to the depot he was seized with a fit and died at 11:30.

The Controller of the Currency will not declare a dividend to the depositors of the broken Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati until the middle of this month.

The United States Fish Commission car No. 2 is on its way from Washington to Kansas City with 20,000 carp, gold-eyes, and trout for streams in Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas.

FOREIGN.

The visit of Signor Crispi to Prince Bismarck is the cause of much gossip among European politicians. The significant remark of the Italian that Russia shall not make "a Russian lake" of the Mediterranean shows that the meeting of the two statesmen bodes little good to the czar, and it is evident that that potentate has lost the friendship of Germany.

The total amount of contributions received and promised for the Imperial Institute in London is £400,000.

A league mass-meeting was held at Longford, Ireland, Sunday. During the proceedings the platform collapsed and a government reporter was injured. T. M. Healy, member of Parliament, chafed the reporter on his first trial of a plank bed. Continuing, Mr. Healy said that there would soon be no landlords left in Ireland. He would deal with the landlords in securing their rights as he would in driving rats from a hay-stack. The landlords were more bothered by the plan of campaign than they were by the killing of bailiffs. The deadliest place to hit them was their pockets. He hoped that the mortgages of Lord Granard would not leave him a brass farthing to bless himself with. The Irish were strong enough to subdue the paltry loyalist crew.

A Paris paper asserts that the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia recently declared that he and a number of his countrymen would be ready to join the French army when the proper time should arrive.

Sixteen new cases of cholera and nine deaths were reported at Messina, Sicily, Wednesday.

Several thousand female cigar-makers rioted at Madrid Wednesday, took possession of the factory, and barricaded it. The civil guards have surrounded the building, but at last accounts the women held their possession.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.	
BEVERS-Extra	4.85 @ 5.25
Choice to Fancy	4.30 @ 4.85
Fair to Good	3.30 @ 4.40
Good to Medium	2.15 @ 4.10
Native Grasses	2.80 @ 3.50
Foreign and Better	2.75 @ 3.25
Fair Cows	1.60 @ 2.25
MILK Cows per head	20.00 @ 25.00
3000-Range	5.00 @ 5.25
SHEEP-Range	4.00 @ 4.20
WHEAT-No. 2 Spring	.65 @ .70
CORN-No. 2	.40 @ .45
OATS-No. 2	.25 @ .30
POTATOES-Per bushel	.65 @ .70
POLITICAL	6.50 @ 7.00
Butter	.06 @ .07
Turkeys	.08 @ .10
BUTTER-Choice Creamery	.15 @ .18
Fine Dairy	.15 @ .16
CHEESE-Full Cream	.11 @ .14
Off Grades	.09 @ .12
EGGS-Fresh, per doz	.13 @ .14
NEW YORK.	
BEVERS-Best Native Steers	3.00 @ 3.15
SHEEP-Range	5.75 @ 6.50
HOGS	5.25 @ 5.35
WHEAT-No. 2, Red	.79 @ .80
CORN-No. 2	.39 @ .40
OATS-No. 2, White	.24 @ .26
ST. LOUIS.	
BEVERS-Choice Natives	4.00 @ 4.80
HOGS	5.00 @ 5.45
SHEEP	3.80 @ 4.00
WHEAT-No. 2, Red	.68 @ .69
CORN-No. 2	.38 @ .40
OATS	.24 @ .24 1/2
MILWAUKEE.	
WHEAT-No. 2, Red	.68 @ .70
CORN	.37 @ .40
OATS	.27 @ .29
DETROIT.	
WHEAT-No. 2, Red	.74 @ .74 1/2
CORN	.40 @ .45
OATS	.28 @ .29
INDIANAPOLIS.	
BEVERS	3.50 @ 4.30
HOGS	5.00 @ 5.45
SHEEP	2.75 @ 4.00
WHEAT	.70 @ .70 1/2
CORN	.38 @ .39
OATS	.25 @ .26
BUFFALO.	
WHEAT-No. 2, White	.75 @ .77
No. 1, White	.80 @ .85
CORN	.46 @ .47
OATS	.29 @ .30

PRESIDENTIAL TOUR.

Their Journey Westward from the National Capital to the "Future Great" in a Palace on Wheels.

Receptions at Indianapolis, Terre Haute, and a Lively Day in the Missouri Metropolis.

The Visit to Chicago, the Glittering Procession, the Speeches, the Review and the Public Reception, an Occasion Never to be Forgotten.

Their Journey Northward and Grand Receptions at Milwaukee.

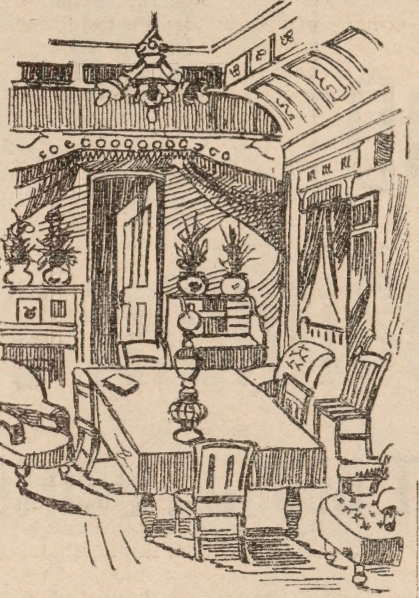


THE event that has attracted most attention throughout the west recently is the tour of the President of the United States. It is seldom that the Chief Executive of this great nation undertakes a journey of such length or under such

pieces so favorable to himself or those he visits, as this has been. Since Mr. Cleveland's inauguration his expressed desire to visit the west, and the urgent solicitation from the people of its various cities and towns that he would accept their hospitality could have but one result, and that was the consummation of this contemplated tour. During the summer the city of St. Louis extended to him and Mrs. Cleveland a cordial invitation to visit their city during the autumn, and this invitation was so urgent, and so irrefragable of party affiliations or predilections, that after some consideration Mr. Cleveland accepted it. As soon as it was



known that he would visit St. Louis invitations poured in on him from all the principal cities of the west and south, and after consultations with his cabinet, he determined to spend two or three weeks among the people who were so ready to honor him as the chief ruler of one of the mightiest nations on earth. Arrangements having been completed the President began his journey from Washington City on the morning of the 30th of September. The accommodations provided for him and his retinue have never been surpassed in this country. A train of vestibule palace cars including Mr. Pullman's private car was placed at his disposal and accepted by him for the round trip.



This car is probably the finest private car in the United States. It is built of mahogany and is perfect in all its conveniences. At the rear is the reception parlor, from the ceiling of which hangs an artistic chandelier with cut glass globes. A glass door opens upon the rear platform, which is covered the full width of the car. The windows are curtained with silk tapestry. The dining room is located in the forward part of the car and is perfect in all its appointments. The bed-room is the coolest room in the car and is between the parlor and dining room. There is also a private bath and toilet room. In the extreme forward end of the car is the kitchen, which is complete in every respect. The other two cars of the train were occupied by those who accompanied the President.

Mr. Cleveland was accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland, his Private Secretary, Mr. Lamont, Dr. Bryant, and Messrs. Bissell, Belmont and DeGraw, and the attendant servants.

The State of Indiana was entered early on the morning of the 1st inst, and at every station there were greetings. Indianapolis, the capital, was reached at about 11 o'clock a. m., and large part of the remainder of the day was spent in accepting the welcome of the citizens, which consisted in a procession, speech-making luncheon, etc. The reception was a cordial one. Terra Haute was reached late in the afternoon, and another stop was made, with another procession, speeches of welcome, flags, banners and fireworks. The reception at St. Louis was a magnificent one. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour thousands and tens of thousands of people lined the streets and the Grand Bridge. There was a magnificent display of fireworks, and the air was resplendent with shouts of welcome. The President after alighting from the train accepted the hospitality of Mayor Francis, and was soon driven to his residence, and the populace were compelled to wait over Sunday to extend to him the honors reserved for him and his wife.

Tuesday morning the streets of St. Louis were alive with people who expected to attend the public reception held by the President at the Court House. This was from 9 to 11 o'clock, but it was impossible for one-tenth of the people to shake his hand. The arrangements were good but there were too many people to all enjoy the privilege.

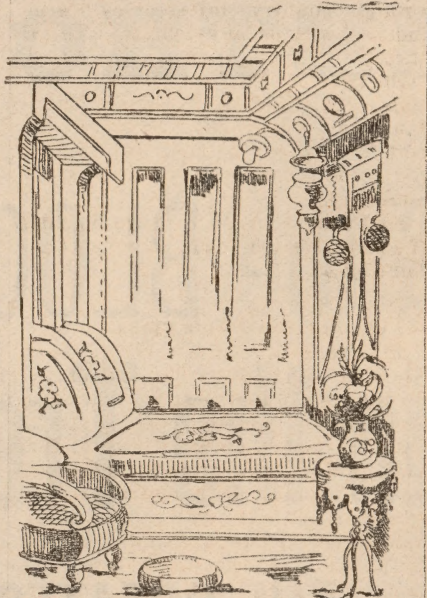
Monday opened beautifully and at 10 o'clock the President and Mrs. Cleveland were escorted by a committee of citizens from the residence of Mayor Francis to the fair grounds. A large procession had formed at an early hour and they attended the party. Not less than 30,000 people were seated in the arena when the guests were driven around so that they could see and be seen. Here they listened to the singing of "America" by 3,000 children and were presented with flowers by the little ones attending the Kindergarten. During the time the party remained in the arena, shouts of welcome were heard from all sides. From the fair grounds the President was driven to the Merchant's Exchange, where after shaking hands with officers of the State of Missouri and other distinguished citizens, he was introduced to the multitude by Mayor Francis, and made a short speech in response to the introduction.

At 10 o'clock the Presidential party entered the ball room of the Prophets, but the dance was given up to another reception which partook to some extent of the nature of a farewell. The hushed instruments of the orchestra, the programme and a host of other things spoke of suppressed festivities. The reception over, farewells were said and when the President and his lovely wife entered their car to take their departure they received good wishes from thousands and tens of thousands of throats. The train moved out on the Chicago and Alton road at 11 o'clock, and soon St. Louis with its warm-hearted people was far in the distance and the Presidential party retired.

ON TO CHICAGO. Not more than half a dozen stops were made by the President's special train between St. Louis and Chicago, until the early morning and they were at water stations. The President according to instructions was awakened early so that he might have an opportunity of seeing the prairie country. Buttoned up to the



chin he stepped out on the rear platform and spent half an hour looking at the country. At Joliet, through which place the train ran slowly, several thousands of people lined the streets and filled the platforms. Mrs. Cleveland made her appearance and with the President acknowledged the welcome accorded to them. At Lamont about 500 querrymen were drawn up in two lines in "open order," with crow bars at "present arms," and Mrs. Cleveland was the recipient of several beautiful bouquets at points where the train slowed up.



At 9 o'clock, a. m. the spires of the Garden City were visible and in a few minutes thereafter the special train rolled in the Chicago and Alton depot at Twenty-third street. The day opened gloriously and the sun shone brightly on the surging crowd of probably 75,000 people who were assembled in the neighborhood of the station, who waved their handkerchiefs, threw their hats in the air, and shouted a welcome.

The President and his wife were received by Mayor Roche, Gen. Terry, Collector Seeburger and other distinguished citizens, and were soon after seated in carriages when the procession began preceded by a mounted escort of cavalry, and a division of light artillery, which cleared the way. They moved rapidly down Archer Avenue and to 35th street, across to Michigan avenue, down that avenue to 24th street, where the President was to receive Chicago's organized welcome. It was exactly ten o'clock when the mighty procession began to move north to 12th street. At this point the scene was amazing. Crowds of people of all ranks and sizes filled the street, and it looked as if it would be impossible for the Presidential party to get through. But a troop of cavalry soon opened the way and the great procession moved forward.

The procession consisted of four divisions. The first was composed of United States soldiers, the first and second regiments I. N. G., detachments from Camp Sheridan, troop of U. S. Cavalry, Milwaukee Light Horse Squadron, Cleveland City Guards, Chicago Lancers, U. S. light battery and marines from the steamship Michigan.

The second division was made up of the Police, Fire Departments, Veteran Soldiers Grand Army posts, and local military organizations.

The third division consisted of Knights of A. O. U. W., Knights of Pythias and numerous orders and organizations.

The fourth division was made up of industrial organizations and the Independent Order of Foresters.

evolutions of the soldiers, and the various organizations of which it was composed.



The procession then swept rapidly west to Wabash avenue, north to Jackson,

PURPLE PANSIES.

Mine is no lordly garden ground,
With winding walks and shady trees,
And pleasant nooks, where may be found
Safe shelter from too keen a breeze.
Oft have I dreamed of such a place,
And fenced it well with tender fancies,
And am but owner, by God's grace,
Of just one plot of purple pansies.

Few other flowers will make their homes
So near the busy, dusty town;
The rose to purer dwellings roams,
And shrubs the factory chimneys frown.
A lilac hedges across the wall,
Brings me a greeting from my neighbor's

When I step out at twilight fall
To rest me after weary labors.

Linger in my small domain,
Or stoop to pluck some cherished flower,
And dream myself in some cool lane,
Quaint "Pleasant" or "My Lady's Bower."

I scarcely miss the gardens fair
Of hazy queens in old romances,
Since I find heart's ease for my care
Beside my treasured purple pansies.
—Chamber's Journal.

BUFFALO BILL'S LONG RIDE.

The Exasperating Mule.

On returning from a long ride, in which I had been much harassed by the Indians, I was one night accosted by Curtis, the chief of the scouts, who was in a difficulty. The General was anxious to send some despatches to General Sheridan at Fort Hays, some eighty miles off. The scouts available did not freeze on to the job. They urged that they were not sufficiently well acquainted with the country to go by night. The despatch was important, and so Curtis came to me and asked me if I was not too tired, to volunteer. It was rather a ticklish piece of work. The whole country was lined by Indians. It was a dark night and a storm was threatening. However, the despatches had to be sent off, and so I assented, bargaining only that I should be provided with the best mount in the fort. This was readily assented to, the scouts took a fond farewell of me, and with their wishes for success ringing in my ears, I set out on my long ride.

The night was dark as pitch, but this gave me all the better chance of escaping the Indians. My greatest danger was lest my horse should stumble in a hole and run away, leaving me on the prairie. To prevent such a catastrophe I tied one end of my rawhide lariat to the bridle, and the other to my belt, a wise precaution, for within a few miles my horse fell twice in prairie dogs' holes, and got away before I could get hold of the bridle, but when he got to the end of the lariat he discovered that he was picketed to Bison Bill, which considerably abated his playfulness. In this way I proceeded through the night, and reached Walnut Creek, twenty-five miles out, in good time. It was here that I met with my first adventure. Going slowly through the darkness, I suddenly found myself in the midst of a number of horses, which, becoming frightened, speedily moved off in all directions. I knew at once that I was near Indians, so without waiting to apologize, I cleared out as quickly as possible. Just as I thought myself clear, a dog barked a few yards away, and then I heard some redskins talking. They did more than talk, too. They mounted their mustangs and gave chase. I urged my horse to full speed and succeeded in getting away without loss of life.

I continued my way for several miles in a straight course, and I pushed on toward Smoky Hill River. I reached this point soon after 3 o'clock in the morning, and then pushing northward I struck the old Santa Fe trail ten miles from Fort Hays just as day was breaking. Arrived at the post soon after reveille, I made straight for General Sheridan's headquarters, and presented my despatches in person. I was most cordially received by the General, and, having taken food, and seen that my horse was well cared for, thought I would proceed to take a little rest. It was, however, not to be, for I was suddenly sent for by the General, who wished to see me. As I approached headquarters I noticed a number of scouts grouped together, and evidently engaged in discussing something important, and I soon learned what this was. General Sheridan desired to send an important despatch to Fort Dodge, a distance of ninety-five miles. Volunteers were requested, but none responded. The General told me this, and what could I do?

"General," said I, "if there is no one ready to volunteer, I'll carry your despatches myself."

The General expressed himself greatly pleased at my offer, but at the same time said that he had not thought of asking me to undertake the duty, as I had been fully hard-worked a ready. But it was very important that the despatches should go.

"If you don't get a courier by 4 o'clock this afternoon, I'll do the business," I responded, "but I must have a fresh horse, and meantime will take a little rest." It was not much rest that I got, but punctually at 4 o'clock I announced myself ready, and mounting a fresh horse, started on the road. I crossed Smoky Hill river at dark, and it was just daylight as I rode up to Sam Long Crossing on the Pawnee Fork, where a company of colored cavalry were posted, under Major Cox. Here I got a fresh horse, and continuing my lonely ride, covered the remaining twenty-five miles to Fort Dodge, and arrived soon after 9 o'clock without having seen a single Indian.

Having delivered my despatches and rested an hour I was informed that the commandant wished to send some despatches to Fort Larned, my own post. I, of course, readily undertook to carry these, and my offer was gladly accepted by the General, "provided I thought I could stand the trip after my recent fatigue."

"All I want is a fresh horse, sir," I said.

Here was the difficulty. There was not such a thing as a decent horse available, the only animals to be had being Government mules, of which there was a large choice. I made no difficulty about this. "Trot out your mule," I said, "I am ready now."

The mule was rapidly forthcoming,

and at dark I started once more on the road for Fort Larned, and proceeded without interruption to Coon Creek, thirty miles from Fort Dodge.

Here I dismounted and led my mule to a pool to give him some water. I also stood myself a drink, using my hat for a dipper, and, while engaged in procuring this refreshment, my mule suddenly jerked off, and ambled away down to the creek. Then it dashed across my mind that in the hurry of departure I had omitted to make my lariat fast to him, and that he was at large.

I followed him gently in the hopes of getting hold of his bridle, and that he would perchance stop. He did not. He made straight for the wagon road, but instead of making for Fort Dodge, as I expected he would, he turned towards Fort Larned, and jogged merrily along, with a most happy and unconcerned air. Several times I succeeded in getting just up to him, when he would put on a spurt and go ahead easy, slackening down as soon as I gave up chase. I was sorely tempted to shoot him with my gun, which I fortunately held in my hand, but the report would have probably brought the Indians down on me, and as he was, besides, company for me, I retained; And thus the mule marched on, and I followed on foot—cursing.

From Coon Creek to Fort Larned is thirty-five miles and we—that is, the mule and myself—made pretty good time. There was nothing to hold the mule, and I was striving hard to catch him—which urged him on. In addition to the excitement of this pedestrian competition, I had the knowledge that I might any moment be pounced on by Indians, and have my hair lifted.

The mule stuck to the road, and I stuck to the mule. Just as day began to break we found ourselves still in the same order of procession on a hill looking down on to the valley of Pawnee Port, with Fort Larned looming in the distance, and as I surveyed the scene, and the mule surveyed me, the morning gun belched forth half a mile away.

We took stock of each other with expressions of mutual distrust. Then, addressing my opposite neighbor, I spoke.

"Time's up," I said, "and its my turn. I am deeply indebted to you for your company, but we must part." Then I raised my gun to my shoulder and blazed away, hitting the beast on the hip. Inserting a second cartridge I fired into him again, and twice more until at last he lay stretched out nice and comfortable. Like all Government mules, he was a tough one, and died hard.

My shots brought out the troops, and when they learned what had happened, they all said it served him right. I then walked into headquarters and delivered my despatches, and received the compliments of the General. I proceeded to put in some hours of solid sleep, and then left that same night for Fort Hays with more despatches, which I delivered early in the next morning to General Sheridan. My record of these rides is as follows: Fort Larned to Fort Hays, 65 miles in 12 hours; Fort Hays to Fort Dodge, 95 miles in the succeeding 24 hours; Fort Dodge to Fort Larned, 35 miles on mule, 35 miles on foot, the same night; and back to Fort Hays, 65 miles, the next total, 235 miles, over a rough country, infested by hostile Indians, without any definite interval of rest.

On arriving at Fort Hays I was highly complimented by General Sheridan on my achievement. "Cody," he said, "I have decided to appoint you guide and chief of scouts, with the command."

And thus it was I came to be chief of scouts, United States Army.—*London Globe.*

Lorenzo Dow's Clock.

At the New London County Fair, Norwich, Conn., John Troland exhibited the clock that ticked for Lorenzo Dow in his gambrel-roofed house at Oxoboxe Lake, six miles west of this city. Elder Dow brought the clock from England. It is more than 100 years old. It is a quaint and striking timepiece. There is simply a prim dial plate, around which two long crooked fingers creep, with open air works behind it, no case, and three or four brass weights on cords dangle six feet below the face. It was going during the fair and attracted a great deal of attention. Thousands of people stopped before it, and elderly men had many stories to tell of its famous owner, Elder Dow's name being a household word in this part of the State.

"Tain't what you'd call a pretty piece," said one of the visitors, a stalwart old farmer, who remembered the eccentric old preacher, "but then Lorenzo warn't a handsome critter, an' it looks summat like him, tew. It's got his voice, sure's yer born."

A Novel War Vessel.

A vessel has just been launched at the Imperial dockyard at Wilhelmshaven which marks a new departure in the German naval architecture. It is the cruiser *Swallow*, whose dimensions are: Length, 62 meters; breadth, 9.36 meters; and depth, 5.60 meters, the tonnage being 1,310 tons. The *Swallow* is a composite ship, with twin engines of 1,500-horse power, driving two screws, which give a speed of 13½ knots. The vessel is armed with eight long 105 centimeter Krupp guns, four firing in the direction of the keel and the rest being revolving cannon. The crew numbers 120. The vessel is not, of course, intended to take its place side by side with armored vessels in the contingency of a naval war, but will be employed on foreign service, especially in cruising about the coasts of African colonies. Hardly ten months intervened between the laying of the keel and the launch of the ship.—*London Times.*

Great American Inventions.

The fifteen great American inventions are: 1, the cotton gin; 2, the plowing machine; 3, the grass mower and reaper; 4, the rotary printing press; 5, navigation by steam; 6, the hot air engine; 7, the sewing machine; 8, the India-rubber industry; 9, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; 10, the sand-blast for carving; 11, the gauge lathe; 12, the grain elevator; 13, artificial ice-making on a large scale; 14, the electric magnet and its practical application; 15, the telephone.

FREE GRACE.

Means Provided For The Salvation of Sinners.

Dr. Talmage Preaches About The Sacrifices of Prince Jesus.

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor." II Corinthians viii, 9.

That all the world's which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are inhabitants of an absurdity. Philosophers tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing until it is almost fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of the respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe, and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem, or angel to describe, is as certain as the bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters, and pronounce it heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been in it a headache, or a side-ache, or a heart-ache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of its oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over.

The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in the state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked what is sin? what is bereavement? what is sorrow? what is death? the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there were silence in Heaven for half an hour. The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other Prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street the inhabitants took of from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the band, but at other times he took a chariot, and among the twenty thousand that David spoke of his was the swiftest and most flaming, or, as when John described him, he took a white palfrey with what prance of foot and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the father to die and then take the throne. When a few years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the Royal Gallery representing Emperor William on the throne and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, Emperor William ordered the picture changed and said: "Let the Prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What myriads of admirers! What unending ground of glories! All the towers chimed the Prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the centre of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "He was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one scepter, build all the palaces of the earth in one alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate would not express his affluence. Yes, Paul was right. Solomon had in gold six hundred and eighty million pounds, and silver, one billion twenty-nine million three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire but the quadrillionaire of heaven. To describe his celestial surroundings the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a wall from a striped Jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue or sapphire, and yellow of topaz, gray of chrysoprasus, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, in flower, in river, and in all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, doxologies. There stood the Prince surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich as God.

But one day there was a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race failed! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains and seas, and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At that one groan the Prince rose from the blissful circumference, and started for the outer gate, and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what rough sea. "Stay with us," cried angel after angel, and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince, "I cannot stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I

must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that way. I must redeem those nations. Farewell, thrones and temples, companions cherubic, seraphic, archangelic! Excuse this absence, for I will come back again carrying on my shoulder a ransom world. Till this is done I choose earthly soot to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, a frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait. Farewell, Farewell." "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor."

Only those who study this text in two places can fully reach its power—the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy land of heaven. How I should like some day to take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the Sermon on the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary at about three o'clock, the hour at which the sycamores, and by the sides of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of Him who came our souls to save. But you and I will probably be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well as we may how poor our Heavenly Prince became. And in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that He left behind when He started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this. We will get it by exchanging this world for that. Then and there you will understand more of that wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor.

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace omnipotent grace. Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
Philip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote:

"Grace 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the world shall hear."

One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled "Abounding Grace." It is all of grace that I am saved, has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. The boy Sammy was right when, being examined for admission into church membership, he was asked: "Whose work was your salvation?" and answered: "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked: "What part did you do, Sammy?" and the answer was: "I opposed God all I could and he did the rest!" O, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the King, the King offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered: "There is only one thing I want and that is more grace." Yes, my blood-bought hearers, grace to live by and grace to die by. Grace that saved the publican, that saved Lydia, that saved the dying thief, that saved the jailer, that saved me. But the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until heaven breaks in upon the soul. An old Scotchman, who had been a soldier in one of the European wars, was sick and dying in one of our American hospitals. His one desire was to see Scotland and his old home, and hear the bagpipes of the Scotch regiments. The night that the old Scotch soldier died a young man, somewhat reckless and kind-hearted, got a company of musicians to come and play under the old soldier's window, and among the instruments there was a bagpipe. The instant that the musicians began the dying old man in delirium said: "What's that, what's that? Why, it's the regiments coming home. That's the tune, yes, that's the tune. Thank God, I have got home once more!" "Bonny Scotland and Bonny Doon," were the last words that he uttered as he passed up to the highlands of the better country. And there are here today hundreds homesick for heaven, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments; homesick, very homesick, for the fatherland of heaven, and the music that you want to hear now is the song of free grace, and the music you want to hear when you die is free grace, and forever before the throne of God you will sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor!"

Yes, yes, for your sakes! It was so on a pleasure excursion that He came, for it was all pain. It was not an astronomical exploration, for He knew this world as well before He was compelled to come, for He volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for He knew it would be thorn, and spike, and hunger, and thirst, and v-cification of angry mobs. For your sakes! Wipe away your tears. To forgive your wrong doing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world, and bring you home at last, finding up the mists that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. For your sakes! No, I will change that. Paul will not care, and Christ will not care if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say: "For your sakes!" For we all have our temptations, and bereavements, and conflicts. For our sakes! We who deserve to our sins to expatriation to a world as much poorer than this than this earth was poorer than Heaven. For our sakes!

But what a fruitful coming down to take us gloriously up. When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tirebasus, who was attending him, showed the King a rent in his garment. The King

said, How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tirebasus. Then the King gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. See the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the habit, He not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of heavenly regalement, for our sakes! O, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, nor an ice-castle like that which Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, over a hundred years ago, ordered constructed, winter with its trowel of crystal cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the north; but a father's house with wide heart cracking a hearty welcome to religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer, something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreation, and joys, and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift like the galleys presented to Ptolemy, which required 4,000 men to row, and its draught of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever!

Right about face! for you are going in the wrong direction. While you are in a favorable mood for it, enter into life. Here and just now decide everything that makes for peace and heaven. Agassiz says that he has stood at one place in the Alps where he could throw a chip into the water in one direction, and it would roll on into the German ocean, or he could throw a chip into the water in another direction, and it would reach the Black sea by the Danube, or he could throw a chip in another direction, and it would enter the Mediterranean by the Rhone. How far apart the Mediterranean, and the Black sea, and the German Ocean! Standing to-day on this Alps of Gospel privilege, you can project your soul into the ocean of life, or project it in the wrong direction and it will roll into the sea of death. But how far apart the two distances! May God help us to appreciate more and more the momentous meaning of our text! The seven wise men of Greece were chiefly known each for one apothegm; Solon for the saying: "Know thyself;" Periander for the saying: "Nothing is impossible to industry;" Chilo for the saying: "Consider the end;" Thales for the saying: "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin." And Paul, distinguished for a thousand utterances, might well afford to be memorable for the saying: "You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

An Unfashionable Queen.

The secret of it is, of course, that the Queen isn't fashionable. She never sets a fashion, though she may control and keep in bounds those of other's origination—for example, sleeveless gowns, which she positively forbade to be worn at court, they were worn everywhere else. The possessors of pretty, plump, white, and gracefully moulded arms naturally liked to show them, and the men didn't object to the exhibition. Though the Queen set her face against the narrow shoulder strap it didn't make it unfashionable. Oddly enough her Majesty doesn't appear to mind how low the bodies are. I don't think the Queen ever "went in" for dress. Most decidedly she doesn't go in for it now. The other day down at the Isle of Wight, at Cowes, or Newport, or Ryde, she was going about with a lot of foreign potentates and dignitaries, in a round dandy looking hat! Fancy a Queen, and one of her age, too, in a low crowned hat! What the other people thought, I can't begin to say. Of course, we all know that indifference to dress isn't a vice; and that a woman may make a good and sensible Queen though she may not care what she wears. It is not that. All I mean to imply is that the Queen's influence in a fashionable sense is nil. Power she may possess to compel people to abstain from the observance of a fashion of another's creation, but influence to guide them in adopting one of her own suggestion she has not.

A Poor Place To Carry Money.

Why will women put all the money they possess in the pocket of their dress and feel the least surprise when the money, pocket and all, is carried away bodily? In the first place a woman who knows the weakness of mankind and her dress pocket in particular, should expect nothing less; and, in the second place, when a widow with four or five or a dozen small children trusts her little all to a badly concealed pocket she is the culpable one, and not the pickpocket who recovers her. When common sense examines the one receptacle fashion for high and low allows in the feminine attire it sees how impossible it is for human nature to be content with so inadequate a safeguard. But that will not prevent common sense from saying, Put not your trust in the dress pocket, ladies.

Rough on the Maiden Ladies.

They have a custom at the Andrew Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis, which has brought great consternation to the widows and maiden ladies. It began with the children and extended to the congregation. On each Sunday following a birthday the person who has thus shuffled off another year marches to the front and drops as many pennies into the missionary-box as he is years old. It can readily be seen how embarrassing this is to many. They resort to all sorts of tricks to avoid divulging the truth. Sometimes a lady will put in over a dollar, and as everybody knows she is not a hundred years old it lets her out of the dilemma. The missionary-box is the gainer.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

According to the official return there are 2,256 foreigners residing in Japan, of whom 1,423 are British subjects, 592 Americans, 353 Germans, and 198 French.

It is said that every good piano sold in France comes from the United States. The most they can do in that country is to manufacture the case and stool.

The blueberry crop is a failure in Nova Scotia—something almost unprecedented in that province.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Hang up the brooms; they will last longer.

Clogged wicks can be cleaned by boiling them in soapsuds.

A teacup of lye in a pail of water will improve the color of black goods.

In sweeping carpets use wet newspapers wrung nearly dry and torn to pieces. The paper collects the dust but does not soil the carpet.

Bread thoroughly burned and made to ashes is a good dentifrice.

If strong soapsuds are added to stove blacking it will make it stick and polish easy.

To take ordinary ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, wash out tallow, and ink will come out with it. This seldom fails.

The taste of fish may be removed very effectually from knives and forks by rubbing them with fresh orange or lemon peel.

For ingrowing toe nails use equal parts of mutton tallow, castile soap and white sugar made into a salve. Apply until the swelling is down, then trim the nail in the centre.

The best remedy for burns is claimed to be essence of pepper mixed with whisky mixed. Wet a soft cloth or raw cotton, and apply. It stops the pain instantly, and draws out the fire.

If you have an old black silk dress or umbrella that is beginning to show the wear by tiny holes, cut out of black court plaster pieces of suitable size, moisten enough to stick, lay over the holes on the wrong side, and press with a warm iron.

A teaspoonful of borax in a quart of warm water makes an excellent wash for the hair.

Cracks in floors may be neatly but permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of a half-pound of flour, three quarts of water and a half pound of alum mixed and boiled. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the crevices with a case knife. It will harden like papier-mache.

If soot is dropped on the carpet, cover thickly with salt and it may be swept up without injury to the carpet. To keep an iron pot from rusting, each time before putting it away rub it with grease that has no salt in it.

To clean feathers, make a lather of curd soap, boiling water and pearlsh; when it is a little cool wash the feather in it, gently squeezing it; wash it again with less lather and rinse in cold water, shaking it well before the fire, but not too near. Curl it by drawing each fibre over the blunt edge of a fruit knife. If the color is not good use a little blue in the rinsing water.

In a Storm of Dust.

An English traveler, Mr. A. R. Hope, writing from South America of life on the pampas, relates some experiences that were new and strange. Here is his account of a storm he witnessed one afternoon while he was visiting some herdsmen on the plains.

"A dust storm!" they called to him, and almost before he had time to make any inquiries it was on them. The air was crowded with birds flying before it.

The next indication of its approach was that we felt particles of dust blown in our faces, and soon this dust not only increased in denseness, but was mingled with pieces of plants and other substances carried along by the wind with such violence as to make the sharp smart wherever it struck it.

The whirling clouds grew larger and larger, and every one, putting his hand over his mouth, began to make for shelter. A few drops of rain began to fall, and these in passing through the dust acquired the consistency of mud. Peals of thunder were heard not far off, and before long the force of the wind was so great that it was difficult to keep one's footing.

At the first signs of the storm the cattle grew restless. The herdsmen tried to round them up; the great herd swayed to and fro and began to move before the wind. The last thing we saw before the dust got so thick that we could see no more was the whole mass going off at a long, swinging trot. By this time most of us were safe in the house, where soon it was so dark that lights had to be brought into the room.—*South's Companion.*

Broke Out Again.

"Julius," said an old colored man to his son as they came down town together yesterday morning and saw the street decorations in honor of the Army of the Tennessee, "dis ar' too late fur Fo' th of July."

"Can't be dat, daddy."

"An' it's too airly fur Christmas."

"So it ar'."

"Den, what's all d's fuss about?"

"I don't jst know, but t's sunthin 'bout de sojers and de wah."

"What! Has de wah dun broke out again? Looks dat way fur sure! Julius, take me by de hand an' lead me to de place whar' dey pay \$300 ward bounty fur every recruit an' if you let on dat I is a day over forty years ole, I'll take 'er home and make ye jump Jim crow powerful lively! Lead on, Julius, I want to die fur my kentry."—*Detroit Free Press.*

One Cashier Safe.

"I see that you have a new cashier," remarked the president of one bank to another.

"Yes, we set him to work yesterday."

"Had any experience?"

"Lots of it."

"Under heavy bonds, I suppose. Our man is under \$15,000."

"Well, no; we did not require big bonds."

"Good heavens, man! he'll run off in two weeks with the whole bank."

"We have every confidence in him."

"Well, you'll pay dearly enough for it. He'll be in Canada inside of a month."

"I think not. You see he has just run away from a Canadian bank with \$200,000. I think he is safe enough."

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

She Was in There.

"Bub," said a patrolman to a boy on Brush street, "I am looking for a crazy woman. Have you—?"

"Yes, sir, I know where she is. She's right in that house."

"Ah! Then she went in there, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and she's my mother."

"What?"

"She asked pa for \$4 this mornin', and he said she must be crazy. Please don't call the wagon and get all the neighbors out, but take her out the back way."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A woman's rites are usually dedicated to a male God.—*New Haven News.*

Bill Nye's Embarrassment at Hotels.

Nature did not fit me to be the successful guest at hotel. I can see why it is so. I do not know how to impress a hotel. I think all the way up from the depot, as I change hands with my hot-handled and heavy bag, how I will stride up to the counter and ask for the room that is generally given to Mr. Blaine, but when I get there I fall up against a cold wave, step back into a large india-rubber cuspadore, and my overtaxed valve bursts open. While the porter and I gather up my collars and gently press them in with our feet, the clerk decides that he hasn't got such a room as I would want.

I then go to another hotel and succeed in getting a room which commands a view of a large red fire escape, a long sweep of undulating eaves trough and a lightning-rod—usually No. 7½, near the laundry chimney and adjoining the hotel elevator.

After I have remained at the hotel several days and paid my bill whenever I have been asked to do so, and shown that I did not eat much and that I was willing to carry up my own coal, the proprietor relents and puts me in a room that is below the timber line, and though it is a better room, I feel all the time as though I had driven out the night watchman, for the bed is still warm, and knowing that he must be sleeping out in the cold hall all night as he

A FOUR-YEAR RECORD.

**Cleary's Business College Reception—
Music, Songs, Speeches and Social
Pleasures.**

The following program of vocal and instrumental music was then given, and beyond the publication of the well-known names, nothing is needed in the way of assurance as to its enjoyable character:

Male Quartette.—Messrs. B. St. James, Chas. McCorkle, C. H. Palmer, W. H. Brooks.
Duet.—Misses Mattie and Claribel Champion.
Instrumental Solo.—Miss Ruth Putnam.
Song.—The Male Quartette.
Song.—Miss Claribel Champion.

last January to her sixth husband, and strange as it may seem, five of the m died exactly two years from their marriage day. Her present husband has been sick for the last four months with chronic jaundice, and was given up by four of our best physicians; as a last resort he began using Sulphur Bitters, and yesterday told our reporter that they had saved his life, smilingly saying that he guessed Mrs. Fowler would not be able to take a seventh better half for some time to come.—Ex. 656.

Dated September 28th. 1887.
ANNIE R. PEYTON,
(59) Administratrix, with the will annexed.

—DEALER IN—

Dealers in Field and Garden Seeds, Calcined Plasters, Water Lime and Plastering Hair.

CALL ON JOE.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank, at Ypsilanti, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business, Oct. 6th, 1887.	
RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$251,031.00
Overdrafts.....	173.53
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	12,924.25
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages.....	1,000.00
Due from other National Banks.....	4,804.68
Due from State Banks and bankers.....	645.50
Due from Merchants and others.....	616.20
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	2,707.43
Profits and surplus.....	1,181.70
Checks and other cash items.....	1,818.70
Bills of other Banks.....	2,708.00
Total.....	\$268,000.00
LIABILITIES.	
Deposits.....	58,312.00
Specie.....	14,897.45
U. S. Bonds.....	12,924.25
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,125.00

Total	\$398,856 45
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$75,000 00
Surplus fund	25,000 00
Undivided profits	36,511 44
Deposits outstanding	112,729 57
Individual deposits subject to check	177,765 44
Demarc certificates of deposit	112,729 57
Total	\$398,856 45

State of Michigan, county of Washtenaw, s. s.

I, W. L. Pack, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. L. Pack,
Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of October, 1887.

D. C. GIFFEN,
Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:

C. S. WORTLEY,
Director.

THE FAMOUS PRESBYTERIAN COOK
Book Agents make money fast; send \$1 for sample copy; twenty-third edition; best \$100 worth of recipes for the family. Particulars to agents address A. A. SHOWERMAN, Francisco, Mich., General Agent.

Real Estate for Sale
STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. In the matter of the estate of Robert A. Dwyer, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decree granted to the undersigned administrator, at public sale, on the 21st day of September, 1887, the following real estate, to-wit: the Homestead of said Robert Dwyer, by the Hon. Judge of the Probate for the County of Washtenaw, on the 28th day of September, A. D. 1887, there will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the late residence of deceased, in the Township of Ypsilanti, in the County of Washtenaw, in the northeast corner of the Section 21, Township 35 North, Range 21 East, 24th Meridian, on the 21st day of November, A. D. 1887, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day subject to all encumbrances at public sale, to-wit: the Homestead of the late Robert A. Dwyer, deceased, of the 18th of the death of said deceased, the following described real estate, to-wit: The west half of the northeast corner of the Section 21, Township 35 North, Range 21 East, 24th Meridian, (28), in town three (3) south, range seven (7) east, in Michigan, containing eighty acres of land.

Dated - September 28th, 1887.
J. N. B. DEWEY, Administrator.

(29) Administrator, with the will annexed.